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Richfield Theological College.

ANY CLERGYMAN desirous of becoming a CANDIDATE for the office of PRINCIPAL to this College, is requested to communicate his intention to the Rev. EDWARD JAMES EDWARDS (who will give any information that may be required), Trentham, Staffordshire, on or before TUESDAY, the 17th Inst. The salary will be 450*l.* with a house.

SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL TRAINING INSTITUTE for SCHOOLMASTERS, Minto House, Edinburgh, under Government Inspection. Principal—Rev. JOHN HUNTER, M.A., formerly Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College, Battersea.

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All Saints' Grammar School,

BLOXHAM, near Banbury, Oxfordshire. The half-year commenced on TUESDAY, Feb. 3rd. For Prospectuses, with particulars of the Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Choristerhips, apply to the Rev. the Head Master.

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Circulars at 131, Fleet-street; 47, Holborn-hill; or at the Rev. Dr. STANBURY, Oundle.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, BRADFELD.

There will be an ELECTION at this School in Easter Week of Two Boys, not older than fourteen, to Scholarships, value 50*l.* a year, to be held by them, with good conduct, up to the time of leaving for Oxford or for Cambridge, and afterwards during three years of Undergraduate residence, if they should win by merit an Open Scholarship at either University. Candidates for examination must apply by letter to the Rev. the Warden, St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, Reading.

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Brill, Bucks.—This Establishment for YOUNG LADIES having been enlarged, a few additional PUPILS can be received. Great advantages are offered to parents desiring a well-grounded and useful Education for their daughters, while at the same time the ornamental branches are not forgotten.

The system pursued embraces the most approved methods of instruction, and is calculated to prepare the Pupils, for an efficient discharge of the domestic and social duties likely to devolve upon them in after-life. The Young Ladies are treated with maternal kindness, and nothing is omitted that can contribute to their comfort and progress.

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for the FREE EDUCATION AND MAINTENANCE of the Sons of Poor Clergymen

of the CHURCH of ENGLAND, Greville Mount, Kilburn. Established 1852.

The ANNUAL ELECTION will take place at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on TUESDAY, the 20th day of May next.

Forms of application may be obtained of the Secretary, and must be returned, addressed to him complete, on or before the 25th of March.

This Charity is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, which are urgently needed. Full particulars, with copies of the report, &c., will be gladly forwarded on application.

By order of the Committee. JOHN RAND BAILEY, Secretary.

Office, 8, Tokenhouse-yard, London (E.C.), Feb. 18, 1857.

The SECOND ANNIVERSARY DINNER will be held at the London Tavern, on MONDAY, the 18th May next; his Grace the Duke of ARGYLL in the chair. Gentlemen willing to act as Stewards are respectfully requested to forward their names forthwith.

THE KING'S SCHOOL,

ELY.

Classics and Mathematics.—The Rev. John Ingle, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; the Rev. E. W. Lomax, M.A., late Senior Scholar of Christ Church College, Cambridge; the Rev. G. B. Finlay, M.A., Prizeman of Worcester College, Oxford.

Modern Languages.—Rev. E. W. Lomax; and M. Perret, of the University of Paris.

Drawing and Writing.—Mr. Petchell, late of H.M. Ordnance School.

Chemistry and Science.—Mr. Tweedy, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Vocal Music.—Mr. Jackman, of the Cathedral Choir.

Dancing.—M. Venna.

Drill.—Sergeant Howe.

The advantages of this School are, strict religious principle, as the basis of everything; education varying according to each pupil's destination in life, whether the Universities, the professions, commerce, or agriculture; no extras whatever, all charges (including books, modern languages, drawing, dancing, vocal music, drill, &c.) being covered by a fixed quarterly payment; numerous Scholarships tenable at the School, and Exhibitions of 50*l.* to the University; monthly reports to parents; half-yearly examinations, conducted by members of the University appointed by the Dean and Chapter.

The School-house having been considerably enlarged and improved, the Head Master, the Rev. JOHN INGLE, M.A., can now entertain further applications for Boarders.

The next Quarter commences on the 6th April.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—MATRI-

CULATION EXAMINATION, 1857.—A Class for reading the subjects required at this Examination will, by permission of the Council, meet in University College, April 21.

For further particulars apply to N. TRAVERS, Esq., University College. Early application is desirable from students requiring advice as to their preliminary studies.

HIBBERT TRUST.—TWO SCHOLAR-

SHIPS will be awarded on this Foundation after the Examination in November next, provided that the Candidates are declared to be duly qualified by the Examiners.

The Examination will take place at University Hall, Gordon-square, London, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 23rd, 24th, and 25th days of November, 1857. The names and addresses of all Candidates must be sent to the Secretary, at University Hall, on or before the 1st of October. Candidates will also be expected to send in satisfactory evidence of age, graduation, and other points, the particulars of which may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

CHARLES J. MURCH, Secretary. University Hall, Gordon-square, February 16, 1857.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the General Examinations for the DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MEDICINE this year will commence on the 6th of May and 21st of October.

Candidates can only be admitted to Examination at other periods by a special grace of the Senatus Academicus.

Fellows and Members of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons of England, Edinburgh, and Dublin, of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, and Licentiates of the London Apothecaries' Company, are eligible for examination.

Every Candidate is required to communicate by letter with Dr. DAX, the Professor of Medicine, fourteen days before the period of Examination, and to present himself to the Secretary for Registration on or before the 5th of May and 20th of October.

By order of the Senatus Academicus. JAMES M'BANE, A.M., Secretary.

St. Andrews, 1st Jan. 1857.

ART-MANUFACTURE ASSOCIATION,

(Specially Empowered by Act of the Privy Council) PRIZE OFFER.

The Committee of Management hereby offer a PRIZE of TWENTY GUINEAS for the BEST ORIGINAL DESIGN, Modelled, of some object combining Ornament with Utility.

The Conditions of Competition may be obtained by applying to the Secretary to the Association, No. 7, George-street, Edinburgh, 13th February, 1857.

ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE IS HEREBY

GIVEN, that the Trustees appointed by Sir JOHN SOANE will meet at the Museum, No. 13, Lincoln's-inn-fields, on TUESDAY, the 24th March, at Three o'clock in the afternoon precisely, to distribute the DIVIDENDS which shall have accrued during the preceding year from the sum of 5000*l.* Reduced 2*l.* per Cent. Bank Annuities, invested by the late Sir John Soane, among Distressed Architects, and the Widows and Children of deceased Architects left in Destitute or Distressed circumstances.

Forms of application may be had at the Museum, and must be filed up and delivered there on or before Monday, the 16th of March, after which day no application can be received.

GENEALOGICAL and HISTORICAL

SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN, 18, Charles-street, St. James's-square.

This Society was founded in 1853 by several Noblemen and Gentlemen interested in Genealogical and Historical Research, for the elucidation and compilation of Family History, Lineage, and Biography, and for authenticating and illustrating the same.

By Order of the Council. RYECROFT REEVE, Secretary.

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The interest is payable in January and July, either at the Head Office in London, or at the various Branches throughout the Country. PETER MORRISON, Managing Director. Prospectuses and Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that this Company has RETURNED to its OFFICES, which have been Rebuilt, No. 29, LOMBARD-STREET, at the corner of Clement's-lane.

Offices in Liverpool: Royal Insurance Buildings, North John-street and Dale-street.

FIRE BRANCH.—The Fire Premium in 1856 amounted to about 150,000*l.*, placing the Company among the very largest Offices in the Kingdom; indeed, it is believed that there are only three or four offices which equal it in Fire Revenue.

Insurances are received upon nearly all descriptions of property in the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and most Foreign Countries; the rates of premium are exceedingly moderate, and governed in each case by a careful consideration of the risk proposed.

LIFE BRANCH.—The Life Revenue during the past year amounted to about 40,000*l.*; the new premiums alone exceeding 10,000*l.* A bonus was declared in 1854 of 2*l.* per cent. per annum on the sum assured, averaging about 20 per cent. of the premiums paid, being one of the largest ever declared. All the Insurances effected during the present year will participate in the next bonus in 1858.

The paid-up and Invested Capital, including Life Funds, amounts to nearly Half a Million Sterling.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager.

JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.

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Baker-street, Portman-square.—Full-length PORTRAIT MODELS of REDPATH and ROBSON, also DOVE and PALMER, are added to the Exhibition.—Admission 1*l.*; extra room 6*d.* Open from 11 till dusk, and from 7 to 10. Brilliantly illuminated at 8 o'clock.

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CHEAP BOOKS.—Surplus Copies of Macaulay's History of England, Vols. III. and IV.; Stanley's Sinai and Palestine; Dr. Trench's Works; and several other Books, are now on SALE at BULL'S LIBRARY at reduced Prices. Catalogues gratis and post free on application.

BULL'S LIBRARY, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, London (W.).

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MR. GILKS begs to announce his REMOVAL to 21, ESSEX-STREET, and continues to execute all kinds of WOOD ENGRAVING, in the best style, with promptitude and a due regard to moderation in charges. London: 21, Essex-street, Strand.

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and CO., Machinists and Telegraph Engineers, respectfully call the attention of Colleges and other Seminaries for the instruction of Youth to their simple and cheap ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS for the Lecture-table, by which the principles of this wonder-working agent may be explained and understood.

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The instruments may be seen at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

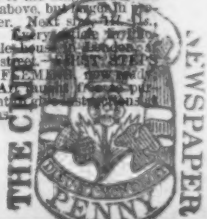
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Gilbert Fleming's, 499, New Oxford-street, near Tottenham-court-road. The Apparatus may be seen at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in PHOTOGRAPHY, by GILBERT FLEMING, and at the price 6*d.*; by post, 7 stamps. The Apparatus may be purchased, and experienced operators sent to instruct at their own residence on moderate terms.



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Apply "D. C. L." CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

SUPERB FLOWER SEEDS for EARLY SOWING, selected with care from the best varieties, sent post free at the annexed prices:—100 Fine Hardy Annuals, 5s.; 50 ditto, 3s.; 30 ditto, 2s. 6d.; 12 ditto, 1s. 2d. Catalogues, with sample packet, for 2d.
From WILLIAM KNIGHT, Florist, 67, High-street, Battle, Sussex.

CUCUMBER and MELON BOXES and LIGHTS.—Two hundred 1, 2, and 3 light-boxes and lights ready for immediate use, all made of the best-seasoned materials, of fit and proper dimensions, glazed with stout sheet glass, and painted four times complete, packed and sent to any part of the kingdom.—JAMES WATTS, Hothouse Builder, Old Kent-road, London (S.E.)

NEWSPAPERS.—The *Times* or *Post* posted on the evening of publication, for 2s. a quarter; *Herald*, 2s.; *Chronicle*, *Daily News*, or *Advertiser*, 2s.; *Times* (Second Edition), *Sun*, *Globe*, or *Standard*, 2s.; *Times* (Second Day), 1s. 6d. Answers required, and orders must be prepaid.—JAMES BARKER, 10, Throgmorton-street, Bank. Money-orders payable at chief office, London.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—Marking Linen, Sdk, Cotton, coarse Towels, &c., with the PATENT ELECTRO SILVER PLATES, prevents the ink spreading and never washes out. Initial Plate, 1s.; Name Plate, 2s.; set of Movable Numbers, 2s.; with directions for use, sent free by post on receipt of stamps.—Mr. T. CULLETON, Patent Heraldic Engraver to the Queen, 2, Long-acre, one door from St. Martin's-lane. No Travellers employed.

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Family Pedigrees traced from Old Documents, Monastic Records, "Domesday Books," Ancient Manuscripts, and Old Heraldic Works, at the British Museum, fee 5s.
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Mr. CULLETON, Genealogist, Lecturer on Heraldry, &c. The Heraldic Library open from Eleven to Four.

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Henry Whiteman and Co.'s Improved Embossing Press for Stamping Note-paper, Envelopes, &c., with Steel Die, containing Crest, Initials, or Name and Address, with Copper Matrix complete, 21s.

Twenty-five per cent. deposit (in stamps) required on country orders, excepting when the articles to be engraved are sent.
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100,000 CUSTOMERS WANTED.
Messrs. SAUNDERS, Brothers, are convinced the articles they sell are so good, that after one trial they will ever afterwards be ordered. Note Paper from 2s. per ream; Cream Laid Adhesive Envelopes, from 3s. per 1000; Fine Blue Commercial Note Paper, 4s. per ream; ditto Letter paper 8s.; Commercial Envelopes from 3s. per 1000. No charge made for stamping arms, crests, initials, &c., on paper and envelopes. Polished steel dies cut from 3s. 6d. and upwards. Orders over 25s. sent carriage free to any part of the kingdom. Price lists sent free on application. A sample packet of six descriptions of papers and envelopes, from which a selection can with ease be made, sent post free on receipt of four stamps. SAUNDERS, Brothers, Manufacturing Stationers, 104, London Wall, London (E.C.)

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
From the *Morning Post*, Oct. 30, 1856.—"Exhibits exquisite artistic feeling in ornamentation, and perfection of mechanism in structure." From the *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 30.—"Excellence of design and perfection in workmanship." From the *Morning Advertiser*, Nov. 1.—"The high repute which Mr. Benson has obtained for the qualities of his manufacture stands second to none." From the *Morning Herald*, Nov. 3.—"The high standing of Mr. Benson as a London manufacturer must secure for him a large amount of public patronage." From the *Globe*, Nov. 3.—"All that can be desired, in finish, taste, and design."

GOLD WATCHES, Horizontal Movements, Jewelled, &c., accurate time-keepers, 32 15s., 42 15s., 52 15s., to 154 15s. each. Gold Lever Watches, Jewelled and highly-finished movements, 62 6s., 82 8s., 102 10s., 122 12s., 142 14s., 162 16s., to 40 guineas.

SILVER WATCHES, Horizontal Movements, Jewelled, &c., exact time-keepers, 22 2s., 32 15s., 42 15s., to 52 15s. each. Silver Lever Watches, highly finished, jewelled movements, 22 10s., 42 10s., 52 10s., 62 10s., 82 10s., 102 10s., to 20 guineas.

A Two Years' Warranty given with every Watch, and sent, carriage paid, to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, or any part of the Kingdom, upon receipt of post-office or bankers' order, made payable to J. W. BENSON, 33 and 34, Ladgate-hill, London.
Merchants, Shippers, and Watch Clubs supplied. Old Watches taken in exchange.

LONDON UNADULTERATED FOOD COMPANY (LIMITED).
For the Importation, Manufacture and Supply of Food, Drinks, and Drugs, in a Pure State.
Capital, 100,000l., in 3000 Shares of 20l. each, with power to increase.
Deposit, 3d. per Share.
The Liability Limited to the amount of each Share.
Incorporated under the Joint-Stock Companies' Act of 1856, with Limited Liability.

General Sir John Forster Fitzgerald, K.C.B., M.P.
Henry Morris, Esq., late Madras Civil Service.
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CHIEF ANALYST.
Dr. Letheby, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, London Hospital, and Officer of Health for the City of London.
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Harbin and Smith, 12, Clement's-lane.
BANKERS.—The Bank of London, Threadneedle-street.
GENERAL MANAGER.—William Cribb, Esq., Offices, 25, Bucklebury, London.

The Adulteration of Food has become so dangerous and universal a practice, that the Legislature have deemed it necessary to inquire searching into the social evil by means of a Committee of the House of Commons, which has found it to be no fanciful chimera, but a dangerous fact, that nearly all the necessities of life are fearfully adulterated.

The *Times* newspaper has made the most strenuous efforts to arouse the attention of the public to a sense of the dangers they incur from the present system, and the importance of an effectual remedy being found. In one of its leading articles the evil is thus graphically depicted.

"We pay not only with our money but our lives. For the worst of it is, that the articles we purchase are not merely diluted—they are adulterated—positively—abominably—poisonously. There is scarcely a single article of daily use which it is possible to procure genuine from ordinary shops."

"We ask for Bread, and we receive a Stone—
"For Coffee, and we receive Chicory—
"For Chicory, and we receive Burnt Carrots, and Powder of Dried Horses' Liver—
"For Oil of Almonds, and we receive Prussic Acid."

"What are we to do when our meat and drink are poisoned?" And again—
"Surely any one of respectability sufficient to gain credence for his assertion would make a fortune were he to set his face strenuously against all imposture, and determine to sell only genuine articles, even at a slightly enhanced price."

There is no exaggeration in saying that numbers of invalids, delicate women, and tender children, have fallen victims to adulterations of food, drink, and drugs. Paralysis has also been clearly traced to this cause, and the universal diffusion of indigestion owes its origin very largely to the effect of the dangerous adulterations.

To remedy this great social evil, the London Unadulterated Food Company is established.

Each article vended will be manufactured or prepared entirely by the Company, and foreign productions will be imported direct; it will therefore derive the profits of both manufacturer and dealer at the same time that it ensures perfect freedom from adulteration.

A wholesale and export trade of unequalled magnitude may already be considered as guaranteed.

Shareholders will have the privilege of purchasing their goods of the Company at wholesale prices. The great additional value that will attach to the shares from this regulation is obvious.

Amongst the questions put to one of the principal witnesses by the Committee of the House of Commons were the following:—
Q. Is it your opinion that adulteration is very prevalent?
A. I find adulteration to be exceedingly prevalent; it may be stated, generally, that it prevails in nearly all articles which it will pay to adulterate.

Q. Is it your opinion that the adulterations of the various articles to which you have referred have a very important influence on the public health?
A. No doubt, I think, can possibly be entertained on the subject—in the list are some of the most virulent poisons.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.
To the Directors of the London Unadulterated Food Company (Limited), 25, Bucklebury, London.
Gentlemen,—I request that you will allot me Shares of 20l. each, in the above-named Company, and I undertake to accept the same, or such less number as you may allot me; to pay for the same, and to sign the articles of association of the company, which required, and I enclose (have paid into the bankers of the Company) (alter as the case may be) a deposit of £

Dated this day of 1857.
Name in full
Profession or business.

Each application must be accompanied by the receipt of a banker's receipt for 1l. per share. Should the full number of shares applied for not be allotted, a proportionate part of the amount will be immediately returned, or applied to the payment of the remaining 4d. per share upon the number allotted.

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NOTE.—We must decline to recommend one work in preference to another. When a book is published, we review it once for all, and attempt to point out its merits and demerits. All the four works specified in your question are good, and you cannot do wrong by purchasing any of them.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

MEMOIRS OF THE LEARNED, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, & SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

HAVING greatly underrated the labour necessary to the collection of materials for the great work which we have undertaken, and feeling above all things the necessity of having these memoirs as perfect as possible, both in execution and detail—being desirous also of continuing the series in an unbroken chain, when it has been once commenced, and (for that purpose) thinking it necessary to have the memoirs of at least three or four societies prepared before we print the first—for all these reasons we have thought it better to avoid all risk of disappointment by postponing the issue of the Memoirs of the Royal Society until the 1st of May next.

Both our old subscribers, and those who have sent in their names in expectation of these memoirs, are therefore informed that number 386 of THE CRITIC, which will be issued on the 1st of May, will certainly be accompanied by a memoir of the Royal Society in the form of a supplement of eight pages, or twenty-four columns; to be followed, in turn, by memoirs of the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of Literature, the Society of Arts, &c. All who desire to have a perfect set of these memoirs must, therefore, send their names and addresses to the publisher, ordering copies of THE CRITIC from the 1st of May next.

THE LITERARY WORLD :

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

STRANGE and stirring events since our last impression—occupying the public mind with matters exclusively political. The bombardment of Canton has raised a smoke which clouds for a time the fair sun of Lord PALMERSTON'S glory. Condemned by the majority of the Commons, he throws himself upon the country—which means that, for the next two months, the country will be in the throes of a general election. So the whole aspect of newspaper literature has become changed on a sudden. China and the Chinese are the leading topics with all the periodicals—from the *Quarterly* down to *Punch*; and the Celestials are proved to be either the most ferocious set of savages on the face of the earth, or the most civilised people alive, just as the independent journalist happens to be Palmerstonian or the reverse. Hence we may expect a Chinese eruption in the direction of Paternoster-row. Old books on that topic are being furnished up by new authors, and new ones are being cobbled out of old materials. There is a great demand in the wood-engraving trade for old blocks of Joss temples, old panoramas of Canton, and views taken for the war of 1841, and which will do none the worse for the SEYMOUR-BOWRING war of 1856. The *Illustrated News* (which has grown mighty economical of late) exhibits equal ingenuity and industry in the manner with which it feeds the new appetite with old food. The officials in the British Museum reading-room have observed a dead set upon "Chinese matter;" and when six literary workmen hand in tickets for the same book, five of them have to suffer the deep disappointment of receiving theirs back, inscribed with the fatal words "In hand." Mr. WILLIAM RUSSELL, of the *Times*, is said to be applying himself to the study of Chinese, with a view to another Special Correspondence; and the late mysterious disappearance of the Chinese crossing-sweeper from his accustomed beat is "in well-informed literary circles" confidently connected with that fact. We are not without hopes, therefore, that the day may come when we shall see a brilliant account of the siege of Nankin, and an historic picture of "a thin blue line," resisting the "Dragons of the Sun" in the vale of Feefoh-fum.

One result of all this will probably be, that some accurate information respecting China will become popularised, of which at present there is sore want. At present people seem to differ as

to the population of the Empire of Flowers by the trifling amount of two hundred millions; and the common notion of the Chinese appears to have been fixed at the standard of civilisation observable in the purlieus of Canton; which is about as fair as if the intellectual status of the English Universities and the social polish of Belgravia were to be judged of through the medium of Wapping and Norton Folgate.

But for the general election. Cannot something be done towards sending up to Parliament the *crème de la crème* of our civilisation? Will the great constituencies continue to depreciate their own qualifications by making persons of ordinary talents their representative men? Cannot our Bristols return EDMUND BURKES for one season? Can we not have a few of the real intellectually leading men in the country among our legislators? Must the House of Commons be for ever filled with bustling mediocrities, Government toadies, ambitious lawyers, and terribly commonplace men, great upon colonial subjects? Are we never to rise beyond Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Mr. ROBERT LOWE? Turn over the pages of Don's "Parliamentary Companion," and the number of really literary men whom you can note down will certainly not exceed half a dozen. Cannot this be remedied? We think that it can. Everybody seems now to be struggling to get into the House of Commons, and pretty nearly everybody seems to succeed. Even Mr. E. T. SMITH is now expecting to get in for Bridport; and although he lately began a post-prandial speech, with "Me and her Majesty has had a difference," it is not improbable that he will succeed. Why not? He has a theatre and a newspaper? HUDSON had only a railway, and JOHN SADLER some forged deeds, and yet they got in. Every year both the Reform and the Carlton send in men of straw, to whom they supply a qualification upon honour; and why, therefore, should not Mr. E. T. SMITH go in? Let him go by all means; but let Mr. DICKENS go in too. Mr. DICKENS has talked well enough about Reform outside the House;—he spoke splendidly upon the stage of Drury Lane Theatre: why should he not uplift his voice inside St. Stephen's. And THOMAS CARLYLE, let a borough be found for him, and then let him talk "Latter-day Pamphlets," rather than write them. And THACKERAY too. His sarcasm is better than DISRAELI'S. And JERROLD: is there no second Boston for him? Let us have a clever Parliament for once—though we dissolve again speedily for it.

The Literary Fund has had its annual squabble, and now the dinner is to ensue—like spring after winter. The reformers—to wit, Messrs. DICKENS, DILKE, and FORSTER—made their customary raid against the committee, but, as usual, were defeated by the great body of the members. We are happy to perceive, however, that the committee of the Literary Fund does not disdain to take a lesson from its opponents, but is gradually working out its own reform. This year the expenses are less than before, and an important modification has been effected in the system of distributing assistance; it is not now necessary for persons of talent to have written books in order to qualify themselves for the assistance of the Fund. This internal reformation is certainly better than yielding to the wholesale and radical measures of the revolutionary party—who, by the way, have not yet demonstrated, by their management of their own pet scheme, the Guild of Literature and Art, that they have any especial fitness for the management of such funds. As for the scandal about Mrs. HAYDN, we cannot say that it did the reforming party much credit. That lady has evidently received the full measure of assistance which she can reasonably expect from the Literary Fund—whether we gauge that measure by the extent of her misfortunes or by her late husband's qualifications. Another symptom of improvement is the choice of a chairman for the dinner. To the selection of Lord GRANVILLE there cannot be one dissentient voice. It is expected that the company will be very numerous; that Dr. LIVINGSTONE will be present; and that the occasion will be an interesting and memorable one.

The battle of copyright on dramatic productions is likely to be revived between this country and France ere long, and it is to be hoped that the English dramatic authors will take the matter in hand before issue is joined between the parties, and will voluntarily adopt the alternative of doing right spontaneously and

gracefully. The plain truth is that the copyright treaty with France affords no sound protection to French dramatists; and that the English playwrights steal (if we knew of a politer word in the English language to express the same idea we would employ it), steal ideas which are not theirs, and make money out of them. Whatever a court of law or equity may say, this is dishonest; and until the thing is ordered better we cannot go with a fair face to the Americans and ask them to desist from stealing our literary property. We have already pointed out that the germ of the evil lies in the small sums paid to English playwrights for their work, and that they are compelled to take their boots ready made. Perhaps, therefore, they will have to mend that matter first. It will not be a bad beginning, however, if a few Templars, learned in the law, would devise a means of securing to the English purchaser of a French piece the exclusive use for purposes of adaptation. Judges say that an idea is not recognisable. To lawyers it may not be: then refer all such questions to a tribunal of such critics as have notoriously the keenest noses for colourable adaptations. If Lord CAMPBELL found any difficulty in detecting a plagiarism (and that learned judge might possibly feel a little delicacy in pronouncing upon such questions), we are quite sure that Mr. OXFORD would not.

The issue of a second edition of Mr. FITZPATRICK'S pamphlet, with the somewhat ominous title of "Who Wrote the Earlier Waverley Novels?" calls for some special remark. The reader may be inclined to shrug his shoulders when he sees that title, remembering Mr. W. H. SMITH and his extraordinary BACON-SHAKSPERE eccentricity. We must confess that we did so at first, and skimmed over the pages in a greater hurry than enabled us to form a careful opinion upon the case. We are now, however, forced to confess that a more careful and dispassionate examination of Mr. FITZPATRICK'S case compels us to admit that there is something in it, and that it deserves more respectful treatment than a shrug or a contemptuous toss of the head. To state the matter as briefly as possible, we merely premise that Mr. FITZPATRICK does not seek to rob Sir WALTER of all, or even the greater portion of his fame; he merely urges the claims of the poet's brother, Mr. THOMAS SCOTT, and his wife, to the credit of having furnished the materials for the earlier Waverley Novels. It would be impossible, of course, within the limits of this summary, to state Mr. FITZPATRICK'S arguments *in extenso*. It is not denied by the stoutest admirers of Sir WALTER that he had a brother, and that that brother was a remarkably clever man. THOMAS SCOTT was Paymaster of the 70th Regiment, and resided in Canada with his wife for many years. The 70th Regiment went to Canada in 1812, and it is believed that THOMAS SCOTT remained there until his death, which happened in 1823. It is shown that he left Scotland deeply in debt, and that during his residence in Canada these debts were for the most part liquidated, by some sort of mental exertion. The evidence of officers of the 70th Regiment is adduced to prove that Mr. THOMAS SCOTT and his wife were continually producing large quantities of manuscript, which they sent over in parcels to WALTER; that great secrecy was observed, on the part of the Scotts, respecting these manuscripts; and that, although nothing positive was ever known by the officers, they were then in the habit of attributing to THOMAS SCOTT a complicity in the authorship of the Waverley Novels. It is also shown that not only had his brother officers the highest opinion of THOMAS SCOTT'S talents, but, from letters quoted by Mr. LOCKHART, that WALTER requested his brother to give his mind to the composition of works of fiction. It is shown also that, however successful as a poet, previous to the appearance of "Waverley" WALTER SCOTT was unsuccessful as a prose writer. In the General Preface to the Novels he himself confessed to several failures of that kind. The earlier attempts at "Waverley" itself were not encouraged by such of the poet's friends who perused the manuscript. Mr. FITZPATRICK suggests that when THOMAS SCOTT and his wife went to Canada, they took WALTER'S unfinished manuscript with them, and returned it to him greatly improved by their labour upon it. From this it will be observed that he very guardedly refrains from claiming for his clients any more than a share.

I am not of opinion (says he) that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott, intellectually gifted as they admittedly

were, could themselves alone have produced a powerful and sparkling romance; but, on that happy principle which we every day behold in the ramifications of nature, art and science, I look upon an intellectual literary admixture as likely to have formed, under circumstances, a striking and beautiful result.

It has been frequently pointed out by the discriminating readers of Scott that the novels exhibit traces of two very distinct styles—the one polished, elegant, refined, and eminently literary; the other bolder, more vigorous, and infinitely more spontaneous. Contrast, for example, the opening chapters of "Waverley," with their quiet elegance (which Mr. FITZPATRICK justly calls Addisonian), with the dashing style which suddenly strikes in at the seventh chapter. Contrast, too, "Waverley" itself, "The Antiquary," and "Guy Mannering" with the novels which were confessedly written when THOMAS SCOTT was in a condition to write no more; when, in point of fact, he was dead. But here is another startling fact: Mr. LOCKHART admits that on December 25, 1814, no part of "Guy Mannering" had been written by WALTER SCOTT, who had been unprecedentedly busy during the year; yet on the 18th of Jan. 1815 two volumes of that novel were printed. What! two volumes of "Guy Mannering" composed, written, copied, printed, and proof corrected in twenty-three days! ALEXANDER DUMAS is nothing to that. Yet Mr. LOCKHART, in another portion of his Memoirs, states that at the height of his powers SCOTT considered fifteen pages of print to be a good day's work—and we should think it was. Even this is an exaggeration, for SCOTT himself noted in his diary the accomplishment of ten or twelve pages as a good day's work. On the evidence of a Mr. EDGAR McCULLOCH, Jurat of the Royal Court of Guernsey, and cousin to Mrs. THOMAS SCOTT, it is stated that the scenery described in "Guy Mannering," near Ellangowan, is really identical with the old tower of Barholm and the Cave of Kirkcaldy, a part of Galloway with which Mrs. THOMAS SCOTT was very familiar, but which Sir WALTER never visited! It is not a little strange that when almost every incident in "Guy Mannering" was received with recognition in Galloway, and the connection between the truth and the fiction was pointed out to Sir WALTER himself, he replied, in a note to the collected edition, that, "though ignorant of the coincidence between the fiction of the tale and some real circumstances, the author is contented to believe he must unconsciously have thought or dreamed of the last, while engaged in the composition of 'Guy Mannering.'" One more ludicrous selection from the many which Mr. FITZPATRICK affords, and we have done. During THOMAS SCOTT's residence in Canada he was, of course, constantly in the society of the officers of the

same regiment, and of other regiments quartered in the same dépôt. Once, in the familiarity of convivial intercourse, he told his companions that they would all find themselves one day in print; and it is a curious fact that the name of every one of those officers is used in some form or other in the novels. The names of the officers, quoted from the *Army List*, and those of the personages in the novels, are placed side by side by Mr. FITZPATRICK, and the result is certainly startling. There is even an Ensign DALGETTY to stand godfather to the Captain in the "Legend of Montrose;" and an Adjutant SAMPSON for the immortal Dominie. In May 1813 (as Mr. FITZPATRICK points out) General DUROCH joined the British army in Canada, and in the following year Duocen Duroch figured in "Waverley." Then there was a Major PEEBLES, a Captain DODS, a Quarter-master GOW, and a Lieutenant WAYLAND. For the present, we can pursue the inquiry no further; but we recommend to all who are interested in the question a dispassionate perusal of Mr. FITZPATRICK's pamphlet.

From the report issued by the Horticultural Society of London, we are glad to learn that not only will the pleasant fêtes at Chiswick not be discontinued, but that they will be revived during the coming season with fresh vigour and efficiency. Many important changes have been introduced into the scheme upon which the exhibitions are to be conducted—changes which, we have no doubt, will be advantageous both to the society and to the science of horticulture. The two most important changes, to which the society directs special attention, are the admission of all kinds of horticultural goods, machinery, utensils, tools,—in fact, every manufactured article connected with the cultivation of a garden; and, secondly, the institution of an autumnal exhibition of fruit at Willis's Rooms. As the Council of the society is evidently actuated by a sincere desire to promote good gardening, we hope that all true devotees of FLORA and POMONA will rally round them, and that a liberal influx of subscriptions (in the tariff of which, by the way, some very important modifications have been made) will enable them to continue these pleasant and innocent realisations of POUSSIN's most golden dreams, in which no one ever yet took part without marking the day with a white stone.

A defunct newspaper is (with reverence be it spoken) as rare as a dead donkey. The oldest journalist scarcely remembers one. They become amalgamated or absorbed, or, like uncertificated bankrupts, they change their names; but seldom do they confess submission to that great law of mortality to which all things human are subjected. Now, however, we have three news-

papers, if not dead, at least in purgatory. Three instructors of the public mind, three great organs of opinion, are in the Bankruptcy Court. The assignees of EDWIN BALDWIN, Esq., advertise the *Morning Herald*, the *Standard*, and the *St. James's Chronicle* for sale. Poor Mrs. GAMP and Mrs. HARRIS! who will buy the one without the other? Can such faithful friends ever be parted? Mrs. STOWE's affecting pictures of the slave auctions will be nothing to that which must ensue if those inseparable old ladies are knocked down to different masters. Really, Basinghall-street is getting quite notorious for the ruin of old ladies! First of all, Mrs. SEACOLE, and then Mrs. GAMP. Let us hope the next will not be the "old lady in Thread-needle-street."

The list of forthcoming novelties is not very numerous. Mr. BENTLEY announces Colonel LAKE's "Narrative of the Defence of Kars;" BARTHELEMY ST. HILAIRE's "Egypt and the Great Suez Canal;" the second volume of Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM's "Letters of Walpole;" Mr. W. A. SHEPHERD's "From Bombay to Bushire and Bussora;" a *livre de circonstance* evoked by the Persian War; and the second volume of KARE's "History of the War in Afghanistan." Messrs. LONGMANS promise "A Tarantasse Journey through Eastern Russia in the Autumn of 1856," by W. SPOTTISWOODE; "Barchester Towers," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE; and "The Angler in the Lake District," by that excellent disciple of Old Izaak, Mr. DAVY. Messrs. ROUTLEDGE advertise an essay on "The Press and the Public Service," by a distinguished writer—somewhat vague; and Messrs. A. & C. BLACK another work on angling, "The Practical Angler and the Art of Troutfishing," by W. O. STEWART.

Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS have a new serial by JOHN LEECH—"Master Jacky in Love," a sequel to "Young Troublesome;" and Messrs. HURST and BLACKETT and Mr. BOOTH have each a new novel—the former "Marguerite's Legacy," by Mrs. STEWARD, and the latter "May Hamilton," by Miss TILT. From Mr. MURRAY, Dr. LIVINGSTONE's great work is shortly expected; and, both from the extraordinary interest which naturally attaches to that distinguished traveller, and the great value to geographical science which his work is expected to possess, it is supposed that the sale will be almost unprecedented. There is something romantic (if nothing more) in the notion of a man coming to us from the Mountains of the Sun—from that great mystery on the equator hitherto marked "Unknown"—for no other purpose than to write us a book, and then straightway lie him back to regions where European never trod before. Who dare go back with Dr. LIVINGSTONE? L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Histoire Critique de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie. Par E. VACHEROT. Paris: Librairie Philosophique de Ladrange. 3 vols.

THOUGH we are believers in metaphysics, since it would be both madness and dishonesty not to recognise Nature the Invisible as well as Nature the Visible, we are the strenuous opponents of the metaphysical systems which place those two natures in strong antagonism to each other, or which are distinguished by analytical subtlety rather than by synthetic fruitfulness. From the great perfection of Greek forms, and from the artistic skill of Plato as a writer, the Western World has for many centuries accepted a mingling of rhetoric, of analysis, of dialectics, of abstractions, in lieu of the fertile metaphysics whose allies are poetry and religion. Many persons who know a little Greek and a very little philosophy babble about Plato, just as many more babble about Shakspeare, from the yearning to say fine things on a subject universally famous. But, though Plato was no quack, most assuredly his metaphysical reputation is a quackery; and not till Plato as a metaphysician is dethroned can a grand metaphysics, harmonising Nature the Visible and Nature the Invisible, again have empire. As the Greek intellect could only divide, infinitely and evermore divide, it might be an admirable metaphysical critic, but it could not

be a metaphysical creator. It was incomparably acute, but not profound in the degree of the acuteness, as in truth acuteness and depth are always incompatible. Not as metaphysical revelations therefore, but as mere gymnastic feats of an intellect at once nimble and powerful, must we regard the philosophical writings both of Plato and of the Platonic Schools. It has been said of metaphysics, that, however otherwise profitless, they are as a discipline for the mind quite as important as mathematics. But not of metaphysics proper can this be stated, whose province is to enlarge and enrich, not to stimulate or exercise the mind. With strictest accuracy, however, it may be affirmed of Platonic metaphysics, which are meagre and worthless as thought, that they are pith and panoply to the mind when the mind is considered as a mere athlete. And in this relation, and in this relation alone, can we deem it of importance to study the productions and the history of Alexandria's celebrated School. The history has often been written; never with so much talent, earnestness, and impartiality as by M. Vacherot. In our language we can scarcely be said to have any histories of philosophy at all; and except in such shallow and pretentious pratings as those of Kingsley, perhaps the most incompetent person in the three kingdoms to write about philosophy, there has been little of systematic effort to bring us better acquainted with the great Alexandrian

names. We wish, therefore, that some zealous and devoted student would dower England's philosophical poverty with M. Vacherot's weighty and elaborate work. And, indeed, it is only through translations that England for many years is likely to know that metaphysics and metaphysicians have existed. A history of philosophy should be written with immense detail. We may give in outline our own doctrines; but we cannot give in outline the doctrines of another without misleading. We must present in his very words all his primordial ideas, or we shall find ourselves unconsciously substituting our own speculations for his peculiar system. Now in England the history of philosophy, besides being offered at second hand, has always been offered in the form of sketches. It is first compilation, then abridgment from the compilation, then abridgment from the abridgment. It begins in sciolism and ends in total falsehood. And either as compilation or as abridgment, as sciolism or as falsehood, it satisfies those who are content with the meagre information they can get from encyclopædias. The absence of idealism from the English mind, the half-federal, half-ecclesiastical character of the English Universities, the small space, the small regard, allotted to the scholar as such, the charge of heresy which is immediately brought against any one, however pious, however noble, who ventures to diverge from the beaten path—these and the

like sufficiently account for the neglect in England of philosophy, and especially of the history thereof. The history of the Alexandrian School it would perhaps be impossible for any Englishman, in the present state of English thought, to write. He would approach the subject with his usual prosaic hardness, and with more than his usual sectarianism; for, besides its positive teaching, the Alexandrian School had brave weapons of defence for Polytheism in the battle of Polytheism with Christianity. Now for an Englishman to chronicle this battle would be the same thing as to take part in it. He would either have nothing but abuse for the Christians, or nothing but abuse for their opponents. Where he should be the most catholic, there would he be the most polemical. The freedom from this controversial, from this sectarian spirit, enables the French and Germans to rise to noble heights, even when they are not distinguished by any surpassing genius or erudition. But when, in addition, genius and learning are both present, then burst from the noble heights noble utterances, of which our age, poor and base in so many things, may well be proud. It would almost seem as if the age, aware and ashamed of its tragical penury in the chivalrous and the heroic, tried to compensate by recalling not the mighty deeds, but the mightiest contemplations, of the past. Only an age of action can produce the historians of action. Of such historians we have therefore none—William Napier perhaps excepted, himself a man of action. But delivered as the world now is to gigantic materialisms, which are varied by strange fantastic fits of Hamlet reverie, it is during these meditative pauses exactly in the mood to discourse eloquently and wisely on philosophy and the philosophies. Apart from its immense and wonderful mechanical achievements, we consider, therefore, that this will be our age's most famous and most enduring labour—that it has animated the history of philosophy with the livingness of a religion. As alone of modern nations the Germans have a metaphysical mind, it is they alone who can be the historians of philosophy considered as Synthesis. The French are not so subtle as the Greeks, but they are more essentially analytical; and, as all Greek philosophy was analysis, they are more fitted than the Germans to be the historians of philosophy considered as analysis. Some one has been silly enough to call the Germans the Greeks of these Christian centuries. But in all important points they are strikingly unlike the Greeks. They are a pantheistic people without individuality, ready as ever were the Orientals to merge through lotus-eating into Deity. To them let all Eastern philosophical systems fall to study and to picture, while the Frenchman follows wherever the Greek intellect leads him. Here, however, the Frenchman can only so far be trusted as he limits himself strictly to his subject. We cannot conceive how the history of Alexandrian philosophy could be better written than in these volumes of M. Vacherot. But when the author attempts to deal with the Alexandrian philosophy in connection with the growth of the Christian religion, he ascribes far too much to the efforts of the Fathers to build Christianity into a body of doctrine. If the new faith spread, it must have been through its own inherent moral and religious power. And if it kept the power it gained it was far more through Roman organisation than through Greek dogmatism. It was Greek dogmatism, it was the puerile disputes to which it gave birth, that so darkened and deformed the Christian Church and the Christian world as to make Mahometanism welcome as a reality amid the silly babblement of councils. And if in the conflict with Mahometanism the Christian Church of Western Europe survived, it survived as the Roman Catholic Church—a Church animated and compacted by the grand organising genius of Rome. Against what did the scimitar of the Turk prevail at Constantinople four centuries ago? Against the exaggerations of Greek dogmatism and its senile sophistries. What were the Orders of Mercy ever and anon springing up in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church and renewing that Church's life? They were the protests of the working, valiant Roman hand against the trickeries of the Greek brain. It is absurd to suppose, as M. Vacherot supposes, that the growth and ascendancy of the Christian Church could at any time depend on the janglings of heated fanatics—as absurd as to believe that the greatness of the English nation depends on those tedious parlia-

mentary debates which nobody reads. There are, of course, germs of Jesuitism in the human heart; but the immense proportions which Jesuitism in modern times has assumed we must ascribe to Greek dogmatism, of which Jesuitism is the logical and legitimate result. Greek dogmatism, and consequently Jesuitism, prevail more among the Protestants than among the Papists, and for a very obvious reason. The Roman Catholic Church still seeks, as of old, its unity in organisation, in ceremonial, and not in creed. The contrary is the case with Protestantism, which has been more anxious for an orthodox creed than for a strong organisation and a uniform ceremonial. But the fierce assertion of an orthodox creed as distinct from organisation and ceremonial is a provocation to a thousand heterodox creeds, which are not long in bursting forth. Where, however, creed contends with creed, the intellect stands alone, unchecked, unmitigated by the diviner parts of our nature, and has no other impulse than the hunger for victory—preferring Jesuitisms to honest arguments, because, if they do not bring most of real victory, they bring most of apparent triumph. We have more than once counselled the Protestant Churches, and especially the Church of England, to imitate the Church of Rome by seeking unity in ceremonial and organisation rather than in creed. Thus only can the Church of England become a national Church, and completely extinguish Dissent. The history of Protestantism as a theology would correspond pretty closely to the history of Platonism as a philosophy. In the one case, as in the other, would be seen the tragical tendency to minute distinctions and boundless subdivisions. And the fate of the Alexandrian school may be a warning to Protestantism. The minute distinctions and boundless subdivisions ended, as they only could end, in irremediable barrenness. The philosophy of a nation is of course simply a transcript of its general character. In the older and better times of Greece, the hero was the grand idea, and the hero with an effulgent individuality that Greece alone presents us an example of. The heroes and the gods of Greece alike were demigods. Wherein do Jupiter and Apollo essentially differ from Hercules, Theseus, and Perseus? There was apotheosis ever—incarnation, emanation, never. There was poetry, but there was not properly any religious leaven. When the Greek began to philosophise, he simply cut his hero into morsels, making out of each morsel a new hero. Where there was not this new hero there was a mere abstraction, a mere phrase, but no metaphysics. Whether we look at Greek philosophy in itself, or in its transfusion into Christian doctrine, we discover either the demigod or the mere phrase, the mere abstraction. In Plotinus, in Proclus, there are miracles of division and of subdivision; but what are the divided and subdivided things? Either absolute heroes or most vapoury words. Hence Greek philosophy is as uninteresting as it is unfruitful. Mere phrases, mere abstractions, of course, cannot interest us, and can bear no fruit; and a hero without a history can interest us just as little as the phrase or the abstraction. Greek philosophy was never really sublime, except in stoicism; and then the sublimity was of a moral kind. The Stoic imitated the Greek hero of ancient days, and thus himself became a hero. M. Vacherot is compelled to confess that whatever of magnificence or depth Neoplatonism had was of Oriental origin. But whenever Neoplatonism went to the East it stole without assimilating. The antagonism was always too intense between Greek intellect and Oriental phantasy, between Greek analysis and Oriental synthesis, between Greek apotheosis and Oriental incarnation, for any substantial interfusion. Greek ingenuity disguised the thefts from Oriental genius; but they were not the less thefts. To determine the value of Greek philosophy, the importance of the contributions by the Alexandrian school to human thought is needful, if we would see what the coming developments of human thought are to be. There is at present a closer relation between the East and the West than antiquity permitted. One notable effect thereof will be that the metaphysical synthesis of the West will be fructified by Oriental phantasy. The whole of Greek philosophy will thus be relegated into the domain of logic, or into a domain half logic, half rhetoric. Plato himself would perhaps be deemed rather a poor logician; but his rhetorical claims, his sole claims, would pass more unquestioned. Some of his disciples, especially those of the Alexandrian school, are equally distinguished

as logicians and as rhetoricians. What we denounce as a supreme imposture, the immense reputation of the Greeks as metaphysicians, it looks like presumption to lift up a solitary voice to characterise as imposture. But there are innumerable impostures of a similar kind. The Greeks did so many things well that it is difficult for their admirers to believe that they did not do everything well. But, gifted though they were, they could not accomplish incompatibilities. Their existence was ever in the crush and murmur of the market-place, and in the blaze of the sun; it was active, bustling, altogether external. Now, metaphysics can only arise where nature is marvellously exuberant, where man is lost in the immensity and prodigality of nature, and where there is no social concourse, no social commotion. The Greek philosophers often put themselves artificially into metaphysical circumstances; but they did not thereby grow into metaphysicians. All metaphysics must be of Oriental birth, because in the East alone is the natural summons to metaphysical contemplation. When a man in the West has an Oriental idiosyncrasy, we call him a mystic, who must still behold what the Oriental beholds—the prodigality, the immensity of nature; and it is through his procreant imagination, through his burning heart, that he is enabled to do so. Many have decried metaphysics, judging of metaphysics solely from Greek philosophy and its numerous reproductions and imitations. But this is a monstrous blunder. Again, many have considered the Baconian philosophy as the boldest, broadest contrast to metaphysics. But this also is a monstrous blunder. The Baconian philosophy is exactly the philosophy which is the most reconcilable with metaphysics. We accept the Baconian philosophy; but we accept metaphysics likewise. The Baconian philosophy is merely the most natural way of studying nature. When you study nature naturally, you are always on the threshold of the invisible life, and the threshold of the invisible life is metaphysics. The Baconian philosophy is the boldest, broadest contrast to Platonism, to Aristotelianism, to Scholasticism, to the gabble of dialectics, and the ghastliness of an idealism which has no basis in the stupendous facts of the universe, in the emotions, in the experiences, terrible or ecstatic, of the human heart. There is an association of materialism with the Baconian philosophy which is entirely undeserved. He is the real idolator of matter who despises it, or who, recognising it as a separate entity, tramples on it as a vanity or a vileness. Neither the disciple of the Baconian philosophy nor the true metaphysician acknowledges matter or spirit. Life with both is the Omnipotent, the Omnipresent revelation. But the Baconian philosopher seizes the flowings and unfoldings of life, while the metaphysician joyous plunges into the vast ocean of life, and is then most joyous when the roll of the waves is no longer heard. A man would need to be both a Baconian philosopher and a true metaphysician to write well, to write comprehensively, and with poetical gorgeousness, on ontology or the science of being. The first who is both, the first who attempts a work of the kind, will not produce a complete work, but he will begin a revolution fatal to Greek analysis, to Greek dogmatism, and to the renown of the Greeks as metaphysicians. The Baconian philosophy is likely, during the next few years, to have many strenuous cultivators in England. But few will be the cultivators in England of genuine metaphysics as opposed to Platonic puerilities. The number, however, may rapidly increase, when it is shown, as we have been showing, that the Baconian philosophy and metaphysics, so far from being mortal foes, have the very closest relationship, and are capable of the most cordial friendship. If once the relationship were admitted—if once the friendship were established—we should witness strange changes, not alone in English thought, but in the whole constitution of English society. Idealism allied to realism—a state of the community in which idealism and realism are ever generating each other—this England has never dreamed of, but assuredly of this England is capable. She, and none but her, among the nations is capable thereof, for the French cannot outgrow Cartesianism, which is a dreary kind of Platonism; and the Germans, if they have the metaphysical, have not the Baconian faculties. The other nations can scarcely be taken into account. We have no desire to protrude dogmas of our own while condemning dogmatism; but those of our readers who have devoted thoughtful and persistent at-

tention to the articles, now not a few, which we have published in this journal on metaphysical subjects, must have seen that our dearest desire and primary effort was to harmonise metaphysics and Baconianism. If we have hitherto failed, it is rather from a want of expository talent, and from the fragmentary fashion in which we have been compelled to present our suggestions—system we are at once too proud and too humble to call what we have done—than from any cardinal defect in our main principle. In our modern difficulties there are many problems which England alone can solve; and, though England has colossal follies, we cannot love England too well. Other realms allot her willingly enough the dominion of industrialism; but they sneer at her philosophical pretensions; they sneer unwisely. England the industrial is also England the reflective. England's poetry is reflective to the utmost verge of extravagance; and a popular poet, Wordsworth, is the most reflective poet with whom we are acquainted. Well, then, your Englishman must have a soul above a spinning-jenny. And after having read M. Vacherot's unrivalled history of the Alexandrian school, he may ponder whether Plato and the Platonists should occupy their present prominence in English university education. ARTICUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, &c. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vols. V. and VI. London: Blackwood and Sons.

MISS STRICKLAND'S fifth volume opens with the incidents which preceded, if they did not lead to, the death of the unfortunate Darnley. Her great purpose—after having, as we think successfully, attempted to clear Mary from the first weighty count in the indictment against her, viz., an improper intercourse with David Rizzio—is to show that she was a mere puppet and tool in the hands of Moray, Lethington, Morton, Archibald Douglas, and Bothwell, who saw no complete triumph for their coalition until Darnley should be put out of the way. The circumstantial evidence as to the death of this unfortunate prince, and the disclosures which were made subsequently by members of the conspiracy, leave no doubt that this fearful tragedy was the direct contrivance of the powerful nobles who have been just named, and that it was intended by a diabolical device to make it the prelude to Mary's own compulsory abdication. It is equally certain that part of the plot was, by attributing the horrible crime to her, to ruin the popularity which Mary enjoyed, notwithstanding the Puritanic spirit of the people, throughout the masses of the Scotch nation. But what was her actual complicity in the matter?

Now one fact is all-important. It was of urgent necessity to the conspirators that Darnley should be got rid of—that Mary should be driven from her throne—and that a Regency, such as had ruled during the long minority of Mary, should rule during the equally long minority of her son. All the great lords who headed the plot and the subsequent rebellion had seized or received unconstitutional grants of large estates. Such grants or seizures had been common in times of misrule; but the reigning Sovereign of Scotland had the prerogative, which had been exercised frequently, of resuming, at the age of twenty-five, all such grants if made during the minority of the prince. Mary was approaching that age. She had not been extravagant; but her exchequer was exhausted, and it was well known that necessity must force her to exercise this prerogative. The baronial robbers foresaw the approaching day of restitution. Darnley would give them no aid; in fact, his interest, he had found too late, was wholly identified with that of the Queen. He had already made his peace with her; and the turbulent nobles knew too well his intractable temper to count on recovering him as a trustworthy ally.

In cases of obscure murder, where the evidence against the suspected felon is circumstantial and unsatisfactory by itself, it is ever considered by courts and juries an important fact for the prosecution that the prisoner had a motive for committing the imputed crime. On the other hand, where no such motive is proved, he is held to be justly entitled to his acquittal in such a case. No man, according to English law, can be convicted on mere suspicion, however strong it may be.

Now the motive for Darnley's murder existed

clearly, as stated already, with the above-named nobles. But it is impossible to say what motive Mary had for such a crime, even if her former love for her husband and her womanly character were not sufficient to deter her from even the wish for and thought of such an atrocity. Darnley was the husband of her choice. He had provoked, annoyed, insulted, injured her; but Mary had professed to accept his contrition, which was undoubtedly sincere: she had consented to his request that she should watch over him in an illness, the least neglect of which would have been fatal to him: she knew that, with all his faults, he still loved her; that he was her natural protector against the traitors by whom she felt herself to be surrounded; and that, if he were gone, she would be without even a nominal defence against them. Interest, affection, womanhood, led her to cleave to him and to shrink from them.

The case for the prosecution against Mary rests chiefly—in fact, entirely—on the obscure accusations of those who were undoubtedly principals in the second, if not in the first, degree in the affair. Their mouthpiece was Buchanan, an elegant poet, but also a time-serving and unscrupulous man. He was hired by the nobles who drove Mary to abdicate her crown to make out the strongest possible case against her; he was countenanced and encouraged in his task by Elizabeth of England. Robertson has followed Buchanan; yet nothing can be slier than the case which they establish. They assume Mary's hatred of her husband; and thence they infer her participation with Bothwell in the murder.

On the other hand, Miss Strickland, as counsel for the prisoner, makes an elaborate, a specious, and on the whole we think successful, defence. The common rules of law and sense require an accuser to prove his accusation, and refuse to presume the guilt of the accused. Judged by this test, we think Mary clearly entitled to an acquittal by the verdict of posterity. The charge is not proven; suspicion may—unhappily must—hang over her conduct; but suspicion neither by the rules of law nor of logic is ground for a conviction. Moreover, that suspicion must be attenuated to an almost infinite degree by the circumstantial evidence for the defence. It is certain that many of the actual conspirators many years later, when death was imminent on them, and when they had nothing to hope nor to fear from Mary, asseverated solemnly her absolute innocence of the charge. It is certain that the chief guilt was fixed on those who drove Mary subsequently from her throne, and who had everything to fear from Darnley's life and to gain by his death. It is certain that for many weeks before the King was murdered Mary and he had been reconciled, with every appearance of sincerity; that their differences, which, after all, had never amounted to much more than the ordinary differences of lovers, appeared finally settled; that Darnley had asked forgiveness and obtained it; that at their last interview, only a few hours before the house of Kirk-in-the-Fields was blown into the air, they had parted as lovers part; that Mary returned to Holyrood, to reside, with all her customary grace and amiability, over the nuptials of two of her most faithful servants; and that, when the news of the catastrophe reached her, just after she had thrown the stocking for her favourite maid of honour, the shock prostrated and overwhelmed her.

Undoubtedly, a consummate actress might have hidden guilt under similar appearances of innocence. But two essential ingredients of guilt, as proved by circumstantial evidence, have now been shown to be wanting, motive and apparent complicity. All her subsequent conduct was marked by the unaffected signs of horror and grief. Mary made no display of sorrow; but she retired to her chamber, and when the first agony was over, to her orisons. She urged every search for the perpetrators of the crime; she disdained the vulgar calumnies which were abroad against her; but she showed no want of firmness and dignity in meeting every tangible charge.

One word must be added about Bothwell. There is really no shadow of evidence that Mary at this time had even common regard for him; on the contrary, there is a strong evidence that she regarded him with a personal antipathy, such as his coarse blunt manners and uncourtierlike presence could not fail to excite in the wife of one of the handsomest and most elegant men of his age. Her own French tastes were utterly and necessarily opposed to every sentiment of sympathy

with a man like Bothwell; and she appears at this time to have tolerated him merely as an efficient minister, and as one least untrustworthy among servants who were wholly so.

So ends the second act in the dark drama of Mary's wretched life. We see her up to this point apparently, nay evidently, not only more sinned against than sinning, but positively free as the most unstained purity from every tangible taint of contamination. Events equally wild, not less horrible but more bewildering in their moral aspect, accompany the Queen through the next act. The curse of *Cedipus* is on her. A Nemesis, not less destructive, leads her blindly to her ruin. In truth, the career of the later Stuarts had throughout something of the terrible fatality which perpetuated the curse of the Labdacidae from father to son; and hence perhaps the story of Mary Stuart in particular has been hardly a less favourite theme with modern dramatists, than the stories of the houses of Lais and of Atreus were with the Athenian dramatists. An Alastor drives the doomed race to murder and self-destruction. The curse is manifest; but not so the guilt.

The prominent facts of Mary's connection with Bothwell are known to all; the details in their origin are inscrutable. Up to the period of Darnley's death there is no sufficiently well-attested proof that she had even ordinary esteem for Bothwell. Once already he had attempted unsuccessfully to carry her off. He had been punished with exile and disgrace. But men like Bothwell were necessary to a sovereign, however much they might be objects of aversion to the queen. He was restored, to become beyond doubt one of the authentic murderers of Darnley; but was he then, or did he ever become, the favoured lover of the Queen?

Women have strange tastes, strange infatuations. The story of Titania and the drunken weaver has its own veracious counterpart in daily life. Not always—indeed, in spite of the Homeric adage, very seldom—is like attracted to like. Men look in women for qualities opposite to their own. The tall and robust son of Anak seeks generally a helpmate, not in the stalwart amazon, but in some low-statured fragile fairy of loveliness and grace; and the latter sees the hero and god of her choice in the masculine strength of the rough giant who clasps her to his heart. So Mary, even like Hamlet's mother, might, not improbably, by the law of her sex, turn nauseated from Darnley's somewhat effeminate beauty and elegant caprice to seek a fuller satisfaction in the arms of the boisterous and battle-breathing border Baron.

Undoubtedly, this hypothesis expresses the belief of a large portion, probably a large majority of Mary's cotemporaries. But it is important to trace the origin and progress of that belief. It was believed by the same persons that Mary combined with Bothwell to murder Darnley; and of this charge we have ventured to submit that she must be honourably acquitted. Up to Darnley's death there is no evidence that Mary had anything but a personal aversion for Bothwell, although state policy made it necessary for her, as she felt, to conceal that aversion. What then was her feeling towards him from Darnley's death up to the time of her abduction? It would seem to be clear that she regarded and treated him as a rough honest man, whose honesty, as she thought most wrongly, might protect her against the consummate treachery of Moray and Morton. She inclined towards him in the belief, apparently, that his very brutality was a guarantee of his fidelity. He repaid her confidence, it is said, by seizing the opportunity of surrounding her slender train while she was making a short excursion into the country, and by carrying her off, with every appearance of compulsion on her part, to his castle, where a forced marriage, as it seems, was her only refuge from, or remedy for, the violence of a ruffian.

Undoubtedly great mystery surrounds these events. Undoubtedly it was easy enough to give them the colouring which the rebellious nobles and scandal-loving followers of Knox were ready and eager to give. It was easy enough to describe the whole affair as premeditated, the excursion and the abduction as a collusion—to say of her as was said of another unhappy queen,

Nomine culpam prætextit.

But where is the evidence of the collusion? It has never been found. For a month Mary was detained by Bothwell. Then he took her forth, to support his cause against the barons who had

come to her rescue; and, with full knowledge of their treachery and antipathy, she seized the first opportunity of escaping from her violator, and of throwing herself on the protection of her sworn enemies. A short interval in their custody was passed by her with every attendant circumstance of obloquy and insult; and then came her removal to Lochleven and her forced abdication, in favour of her son nominally, but actually in favour of the nobles, who, there is every reason to suppose, were the real instigators of Darnley's murder, and Mary's abduction by Bothwell. Mary's own account of the affair, when free from Bothwell's control, was thus given in a letter to the Pope—a letter which has been discovered lately by Prince Labanoff in the secret archives of the Vatican:

Tell to his Holiness (she writes to her accredited envoy) the grief we suffered when we were made prisoner by one of our subjects, the Earl of Bothwell, and led a prisoner with the Earl of Huntley, the Chancellor, and the nobleman our secretary together to the castle of Dunbar, and after to the castle of Edinburgh, where we were detained against our will in the hands of the said Earl of Bothwell, until such time as he had procured a pretended divorce between him and the sister of the said Lord of Huntley, his wife, our near relative; and we were constrained to yield our consent, yet against our will, to him. Therefore your Holiness is supplicated to take order in this that we are made quit of the said indignity by means of a process at Rome, and commission sent to Scotland to the bishops and other Catholic judges as to your Holiness seemeth best.

Such is the prisoners' statement, which, like all such statements, will perhaps not weigh much with the judges. Yet it bears something of the simplicity of truth on it, and may well and fairly be considered if the case for the prosecution be unsatisfactory. On the other hand there is the general conviction of Elizabeth's envoys, and of the great body of the Scotch nation, that Mary was an accomplice in her own disgrace. There is the fact that she consented to a public celebration of her marriage with Bothwell, and that she showed some subsequent interest in his welfare. In truth, there are so many contradictory features in the case that we feel a hesitation, which most will feel, in pronouncing on her conduct. But, without concurring in Miss Strickland's triumphant sentiment that the prosecutor fails entirely to make out a case, we confess it is one in which we should be very sorry to convict, without better evidence of Mary's guilt.

The case does not become clearer, on the contrary it becomes more perplexing, when it passes into the hands of Elizabeth and her ministers. At that point we have now arrived, and in order to do justice to it we may well pass over the well-known historical incidents of the interval between Mary's abduction by Bothwell, and her transit into England. It is known by all how, after a mysterious month spent with Bothwell, the unfortunate Mary surrendered herself to the confederate Lords—whether to free herself from a ravisher, or to save a lover, or to escape from one of whom she was already tired, will never be known; how she was brought back with insult and ignominy to Edinburgh; thence relegated to Lochleven; there forced to sign her abdication with a pen guided by the brutal Lindsay; how she remained for months a prisoner of state; how George Douglas failed to effect her escape, and how Willie Douglas abstracted the castle keys from the supper-table of his brother the keeper, and, turning them on the garrison, plunged them twenty fathom deep into the lake, after handing Mary into a boat rowed by himself and one faithful girl; and how then the royal fugitive was received on the bushy banks of the mainland by faithful Lord Herries and the Hamiltons. All promised well at first; and then suddenly all was utterly and hopelessly lost. The Regent Moray marched against her with a small force; but the country was against him, and for Mary. But his men were disciplined and trustworthy; Mary's were raw levies whose commanders had neither unanimity nor discretion. There was also treachery around her, and thus her last hope fled with her routed forces at Langside.

The curse of her house pursued her; and now she took deliberately the one fatal downward step whence there was to be for her no ascent. Regardless of the warnings and entreaties of faithful and practical counsellors, such as stout Lord Herries and gallant Lord Claude Hamilton; wilfully closing her ears to the assurances that between her and Elizabeth there could be neither friendship nor good faith; forgetful or

unconscious, with all her woman's shrewdness and classical attainments, of the perennial truth of that line of the old Roman poet—

Nulla sancta societas regni neque ulla fides—

she formed and executed her own headstrong resolution to throw herself on the tender mercies of one whose feminine jealousy and personal interests alone were sufficient to exclude every sentiment of generosity and even of justice from her heart, if state policy had not compelled her, as seemingly it did compel her, to take the treacherous and cruel course which she took. Could Mary have forgotten how, on her marriage with Darnley, she had assumed the insignia of English royalty—how, even earlier, as Queen of France, she had put forward even more striking indications of her actual claims to the throne on which Elizabeth sat? Later, it was true, she had confined her pretensions to constant repetitions of a demand that Elizabeth should recognise her, as she was undoubtedly the heir to the English Crown. But it was scarcely to be expected that even a generous woman, which Elizabeth with all her manly qualities was not, should either forget or forgive the fact that her suppliant had been, and ever was, the open rival by whom she had been pronounced a bastard and treated as a usurper.

In truth, to do Elizabeth the justice which Miss Strickland does not do her, she had substantial cause to fear, and execrable cause for hating, Mary. On Elizabeth's birth rested the stain of a bar sinister, which subsequent Acts of Parliament had scarcely removed to the satisfaction of the nation. On Mary's claim to reign in England no such stigma rested. If Elizabeth was illegitimate, as many still thought her then, undoubtedly when Mary entered England as a fugitive, she was, as the lawful representative of Henry VII., the rightful Queen of England. One third of the English nation—the Roman Catholics—recognised her as such in their hearts. Her presence was enough to kindle an insurrection, and so beset was the half-Protestant people of the country by the reactionary movement of the Papists that such an insurrection if it had broken out, might very probably have either cost Elizabeth her throne, or renewed the scarcely-forgotten wars of the rival Roses.

Unquestionably such were the sentiments of Cecil and of the English Cabinet. And who shall say that they were ill-founded? Is Elizabeth to be blamed if she was guided by them? On the contrary, she would have been wanting in her constitutional duty if she had refused to be so guided, although none can doubt that her will was with them, and that such a will—the will of a Tudor—could have easily rescued Mary either then, or later, from imprisonment and death. It must also be added that Elizabeth hated Mary, as only women hate those of their own sex. She hated her with all the natural and morbid instincts of an imperious and jealous woman's heart. She hated her for the undisputed purity of her legitimacy—for her audacious and indiscreet, but too well-founded claims to the throne of the Tudor—but, above all, she hated her for her beauty and her accomplishments. In short, she hated her as plain, coarse, and ungraceful women hate lovely, refined, and elegant equals. It was unbearable that this proud French-Scotch minx—this creature reeking from the Saturnalia of Paris—this beauty—this wife of the handsome husband—this mother of the fine and bouncing boy—this woman with the faultless features and luxuriant dark hair—should compare—Heavens! should eminently surpass—the virgin Majesty of England. What if her hair was dark! There were courtiers, such as Leicester, who knew and whispered in the trustful ear of his royal mistress that auburn or golden locks (the hideous slanderers called it red) made blonde more lovely than tawny brunette. It is known how often even the masculine Queen of the South—true woman under all her adamant—deferred, or turned the diplomatic conversation of Scotch envoys to the more interesting topic how dressed the Queen of Scots; how did she look; was her presence commanding; were her features imposing—even was her complexion delicate, like that of the jewelled and be-furbelowed Semiramis who condescended to ask such questions? We may be sure that, however courtier-like the answers may have been, they failed to remove an ever-present and uneasy sense of inferiority; and that, whatever natural sympathy Elizabeth might otherwise have had for her fair cousin was utterly and irreparably destroyed by the inexpiable wrong of

which Mary had been guilty when she became the owner of the fatal gift of beauty, and the real awakener of romantic and chivalrous attachments which the time-serving courtiers of the English queen only feigned—as Elizabeth knew they feigned—towards herself.

But let us not be hard on Elizabeth. Her conduct was bad, but it was human and natural; above all, it was that of a woman—not of a woman of high feelings nor even of high principles, still less of one of either magnanimity or generosity—but it was that of a sensible, firm, practical, and thoroughly selfish woman, who saw her own interests and was not displeased to find that they coincided exactly with her prejudices. It was not to be expected that she should be obdurate to the entreaties of her ministers that she would consent to do exactly what the instincts of her heart prompted her to do.

But what shall we say of those ministers and advisers? With our modern ideas and sentiments as to the treatment of refugee princes, it is difficult to believe that not three centuries have passed since the nation, which now shelters and protects in the teeth of hostile kingdoms all who throw themselves frankly and confidently on its hospitality, seized, imprisoned, and treated like a vile criminal a royal lady, who came in time of peace to seek the bare privileges of life and liberty. Suppose, when Louis Philippe landed in February 1848 at Dover from a small French fishing-boat, orders had come down to detain him a prisoner until an English court of justice should have determined whether or not he had been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors towards the French nation. Or suppose even that the Prince de Joinville had been committed to the Tower for his animadversions, as a prince of the French blood royal, on the English marine. Precisely the same arguments which were used to justify the incarceration of Mary would have applied with equal force to justify the hypothetical case which has been just put.

It is needless to labour such a case. There were many State reasons why Mary, having fallen into the hands of the English nation, should be treated as she was—why she should have her reputation blighted and her life's life lied away in a foreign country as it had been in her own. Doubtless it was convenient so to do—convenient according to the debased principles of modern morality, which, discarding the high and opposite theory of the ancient world, sees a very marked distinction between abstract right and concrete expediency. Elizabeth's ministers acted on the good old plan, and, having power, used it to their own advantage. The Protestant succession required that Mary should be put out of the way; and the only pretext for this course was the adoption by the English Government of all the vile reports which had been made the powerful engine for driving her from her own country.

So the Queen was kept at first in an honourable confinement, but soon in actual imprisonment. Elizabeth wrote courteous letters to her, but refused to see her at Court until the mystery of Darnley's murder and Bothwell's abduction was cleared up. Mary then requested permission to leave the kingdom, and was refused it. Then, after a vain protest against the jurisdiction, she claimed that her honour should be cleared in Westminster Hall by due form of English law. Nothing could be fairer on her part. She demanded to be confronted with her accusers. It was agreed nominally that this should be done; but the only result was an *ex parte* accusation and production of evidence against the Queen of Scots by Scotch commissioners headed by Moray. She was never allowed to make a defence, nor to disprove the alleged proof, nor granted, in short, the ordinary privileges of ordinary criminals. After a time, when the ears of Elizabeth had been sufficiently poisoned and those of the English ministers sufficiently filled for their purposes, the Scotch commissioners returned with honour to their own country, and Mary became by degrees a permanent State prisoner at Bolton, at Tilbury, at Fotheringay. She came under that terrible system which in France was marked by the *lettre de cachet*, in England by imprisonments such as Raleigh's, and which treated the suspected criminal like the convict.

At this point Miss Strickland's fourth volume of the Life of Queen Mary (the sixth of the series) ends. A few words will sum up the case which she has plausibly established. Mary's complicity in Darnley's murder is all but disproved, and remains little more than a shadowy slander. So far we agree with Miss Strickland.

On the second great question of Mary's life, her abduction by Bothwell, it is impossible to entertain so confident an opinion as is held by Miss Strickland. We know so little of Mary's intimacy with Bothwell; there is so much that is doubtful and even suspicious about the circumstances of the abduction; there are letters which even Miss Strickland cannot disprove satisfactorily, although she contends stoutly for their spuriousness; that we are still at a loss to determine whether Mary was influenced by an infatuation which, if it existed, was certainly short-lived, or whether she was merely the most unfortunate of her sex to have such damning circumstances against her. On the other hand, it is much that peers like the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Herries upheld her innocence throughout; that her women and intimate friends did the same; and that her detractors were those only who had the most unquestionable, although most sordid, of motives for their defamation of her character. As to the conduct of Elizabeth and her cabinet towards her in the outset of her imprisonment, we hold it to be one of the darkest and most disgraceful passages in the annals of England.

So rests—so probably will ever rest—the vexed question of Mary's great misfortunes. The story is still one of mystery, after all that Miss Strickland has done to elucidate it for the benefit of her heroine and for the glory of the Roman Catholic religion. Unfortunately, Mary had never a fair opportunity of making her defence, while her accusers had every opportunity for making their accusations. Miss Strickland has done much to rescue Mary's fair fame from the cloud which overlaid it; and, although we cannot close the volumes of the fair authoress with the feeling that she has made out her case for the acquittal of Mary on all the charges against her, it must be admitted that she has made a most ingenious defence, and contributed a valuable work, as well as a mass of new evidence on the main subject, to give food for thought and doubt to all who are still held by the fascination of the story of Mary Queen of Scots. PHIL.

Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French: a Biography. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

THE time for summing up the character of Louis Napoleon with the calm impartiality which should ever govern the judgments of history is not yet arrived.

But Mr. St. John's work is a very valuable document to those who are disposed to form a premature judgment upon the matter. It states facts, and leaves the reader to draw conclusions. It does not hide much, and it exaggerates nothing. We do not understand the reticence with which Mr. St. John suppresses the facts of Louis Napoleon's career in London; because such a disclosure could not (as he says) be emulating those who make it their business to "collect or publish scandalous anecdotes." Still less do we understand why Mr. St. John should suppress the undoubted and admitted fact that, when Louis Napoleon landed at Boulogne, he attempted to shoot the officer unawares who came to save him from being slain by the soldiery. There were other facts which would not have been out of place in this *procès verbal*; but there is already a great deal. For the present we content ourselves with quoting the passage in which Mr. St. John describes the means whereby the President became Emperor:

The 4th of December, big with disaster and calamity, dawned like a day of doom upon Paris. In the fasti of the Roman republic, the day on which the soldiers of the Commonwealth fell at Allia was not more deserving to be linked with dismal associations. Masses of soldiers, infuriated with brandy, extended in long lines through the great thoroughfares, to intimidate or slaughter the population. Louis Napoleon felt that it was possible to break the spirit of France, by deluging the streets of Paris with blood, and extirpating, as far as possible, all the Republicans. Suddenly, on the Boulevards, when the thronging and excited passengers least expected it, a pistol was fired, by whom is not known. The soldiers immediately presented arms; a line of flame passed along the streets, followed by the report of musketry and the shrieks of men, women and children, rolling upon the earth in mortal agony. The soldiers again loaded their pieces, and raked the windows and balconies of the opposite houses, killing indiscriminately all who presented themselves. The streets were encumbered with the dead; the kennels ran red with blood; here the grey hairs of age were dabbled in the gory puddle, and there infants crawled over the dead bodies of their

mothers. The drunken soldiers proceeded with their butchery until nothing that had life was left in the streets. The corpses were then heaped together, and borne pell-mell to the cemetery of Montmartre, where they were buried with their heads above ground; ostensibly that their relatives might recognise them, but really in order to inspire the most bewildering fear into the minds of the Parisians. How long those ghastly grinning heads were suffered to remain in that situation is not stated, but they disappeared by degrees, though not until the people of Paris had learned thoroughly to comprehend the Napoleonic idea, and the sort of blessings it is calculated to bring along with it.

Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL. 4th edition. 10 vols. Vols. II. and III. London: Murray.

THE second volume of the new edition of the *Lives of the Chancellors* commences with Sir Thomas More and closes with Lord Ellesmere, and includes thirteen biographies. The third volume advances to the year 1642, and contains the *Lives of Lord Bacon, Lord Keeper Williams, Coventry, Finch, Littleton, Lane*, and the various Keepers of the Great Seal during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate till the Restoration, concluding with the Lord Keeper Herbert. In this edition there have been many corrections and additions. Its size is smaller, its typography is beautiful, and its price is less. It will be in all libraries of course.

HISTORY.

Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Emendations. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 3 vols. Vol. I. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS forms a part of the collected series of Carlyle's works, of which it is the third volume. It contains the speeches and letters of the great Cromwell, prefaced and commented upon in Carlyle's most characteristic manner. If we cannot assent to all his conclusions and assertions, their originality must be admitted, and they have at least the merit of making the reader think. By this republication in a cheap form, the works of one of our greatest writers are brought within the reach of thousands to whom they have been sealed books hitherto.

Annals of England: an Epitome of English History. Vol. III. Oxford: Parker.

Nor so much a narrative as a collection of facts chronologically arranged, gleaned from the by-ways of literature—valuable material for the historian.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A RIGHT understanding as to the nature and efficacy of the Sacraments, *secundum mentem Ecclesie Anglicane*, being of the utmost importance to our clerical readers, we beg to call their attention to a publication on the subject by one whose years, position, and past services, justly entitle him to be heard, as one speaking with authority. We mean Archbishop Whately, who has just put forth *The Scripture doctrine concerning the Sacraments and the Points connected therewith*. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. (London: Parker and Son.)—This publication contains the substance of two charges delivered by the writer, which excited some controversy when published, and which, being now out of print, the author has thought proper to reproduce in the present form. In our notice of it we shall confine ourselves entirely to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—that being the one which, in consequence of the Denison controversy, at present excites the most attention. The writer commences by deploring the large number of noncommunicants in our churches, and then proceeds to inquire into the causes of the unwillingness so generally shown, by people not absolutely irreligious, to participate in the ordinance. Among the chief causes of it he sets down the superstitious notions that are current upon the subject of the Eucharist: "For," says he, "every kind of superstition, besides the intrinsic evil of it, has a tendency to cast discredit on any doctrine or institution that has been abused by an admixture of human devices. The 'wall daubed with untempered mortar,' which has been built up by presumptuous man, has a tendency to bring down in its fall the original and sound parts of the building. And thus the superstitious adoration of the elements of bread and wine—not to mention that it has exposed to contemptuous rejection the religion itself of which it was represented as a part—led, I apprehend, by a natural reaction, to the entire exclusion of the Sacrament itself, which had been thus abused, from the list of Christian ordinances. The paradoxical and revolting character of the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the superstitions resulting from it, was doubtless one principal cause of that rejection of the Eucharist just alluded

to." There is much truth in this, as there is also in what the writer remarks when, passing from transubstantiation, he takes notice of the views of certain members of our own communion on the subject of the Eucharist. "Besides the various doctrines," he says, "maintained by those of other communions there have arisen of late years (among ourselves) persons teaching strange mystical notions respecting the Eucharist, such as can hardly be distinguished from the theory of transubstantiation, and which have probably contributed to lead several of themselves and of their admirers to take the consistent step of openly joining the Church of Rome. Theories have been maintained by some professed members of our Church, that are in manifest contradiction to the express words of our article; an article which they explain away in a 'non-natural sense,' in such a manner that anything might thus be made out of anything. It has been maintained that the declaration that no change of the substance of bread and wine takes place is to be interpreted to mean that a change of the substance does take place, the accidents only remaining unchanged; which is notoriously the very doctrine our reformers were opposing. It would be well if any such writer and his admirers would consider what might be the result of taking similar liberties with his own expressions; which might, without any greater violence, be made to signify that he had no belief at all in Christianity as a divine revelation." We have no room for further quotations, but cannot conclude without directing particular attention to the Archbishop's admirable reply to those teachers who call upon us to "accept implicitly the decisions on all points of an authority which demands submission, not on the ground of a conviction of the understanding, but as an act of the will; commanding us to stifle doubts, and shun inquiry, and set evidence at defiance."

It is, we believe, pretty generally agreed that the most damaging attack ever made upon Protestantism was that of the great Bossuet in his *Histoire des Variations des Eglises Protestantes*. The disunion that prevailed in the ranks of those of the Reformed faith, in his day, afforded him a fine opportunity, with his eloquence, lively wit, and powers of sarcasm, to hold up Protestantism generally to the world as an object of contempt and reproach. The candid reader must acknowledge that the reproaches of the French Bishop were not altogether undeserved, although, like ourselves, perhaps he would not wish to exchange the variations of Protestantism for the vaunted unity of the Church of Rome. Disunion among Christians, all must allow, is an evil under the sun much to be deprecated, and that members of the Reformed Faith should continue so much at variance with each other about non-essentials, when they see what a powerful weapon they thus place in the hands of their common enemy, must be regarded as little better than suicide. An admirable work upon this subject has just been published, under the title of *Ecclesiastical Outlines; or, Suggestions, Scriptural and Historical, for the Abatement of Disunion and Schism among the People of England and Wales*. By the Rev. ARTHUR ISHAM, M.A., Rector of Weston Turville and late Fellow of All Souls (London: Bell and Daldy).—The term "Church of Christ" is here considered, first, Scripturally, its spiritual persons or principal living members being pointed out and their agency as described in the New Testament records. The writer then describes the general geographical development of the Church, and its polity as exhibited in conciliar decrees, canons, and rubrics. The Church of England in particular is next brought under consideration. Its origin and early history are traced, and positive proofs given of the Gospel having been planted among us so far back as the age of the apostles themselves. "The doctrinal harmony of the Primitive and Reformed Church of England" is then asserted, and the "lawfulness and expediency of the liturgical office" of our Church maintained. Seeing thus that, from the earliest times, the episcopal form of Church government, and a liturgical service very similar to that still in use, prevailed over the length and breadth of our native land, it is but reasonable, the author thinks, that all English Protestants should conform to the same. If there be abuses in our present system, as no doubt there are, let us all unite cordially to get rid of them, but let us not "refuse to comply, for unity's sake, with lawful and reasonable terms of communion." In conclusion, we commend this work to the perusal of our Nonconformist brethren as one dictated entirely by a spirit of love towards them and their children.

The Seven Churches of Asia. By the Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A. With eight illustrations (London: Knight and Son).—Consists of a series of sermons, in which the author endeavours to show that the epistles addressed to the Churches mentioned were all written for our edification, and that the lessons they convey should be deeply pondered. "The Seven Churches of Asia," he says, "are so many practical examples to ourselves—examples to be either copied or avoided. It is possible to glean many striking lessons from the diversified features of those early Churches of Christ. In some we may discern the mighty power of overcoming faith, the plodding perseverance of patient endurance, the abundant sup-

ply of Christian gifts, and the diligent exercise of Christian graces. From these we are to derive instruction, edification, and encouragement. Other Churches of the seven are represented as indolent, slothful, careless, evidencing no righteous jealousy for the truth, and manifesting no power of living faith. These, too, are our examples—lest we fall after the same example of unbelief." In an introduction, Mr. Maguire gives an interesting account of the history and present condition of the Seven Churches.

Glimpses of our Heavenly Home; or, the Destiny of the Glorified. By the Rev. Edwin Davies (London: Heylin)—a work of which we have already favourably spoken, has, we are happy to perceive, reached a second edition, "greatly improved, with additions."

Our Scotch friends will never have done discussing Hume's Argument against Miracles. Here is another publication on the subject—*Exposure of the Real Nature and Sophisms of David Hume's Argument against Miracles; showing that the replies given to that celebrated argument by Drs. Campbell, Paley, Chalmers, Wardlaw, Buchanan, and others have failed to exhibit it in its true light.* By Mathus. (Glasgow: Murray and Son.) With respect to this knotty question, in which so many great names are involved, we shall not presume to state whether the present author is right or wrong, but simply give a summary of what he wishes to convey, in his own words, as follows, namely: "The principal points of Hume's argument, what it is, and what it is not. It is an argument of theory, not of experience; it is an argument against facts being called miracles, not against the existence of those facts; it is an argument in which a man's own experience, instead of being his only guide, is of no use to him whatever; it is an argument in which the experience brought into requisition is deduced from the definition of a miracle, and may be the experience of the inhabitants of the moon, or of the planets, or of generations of men yet unborn; it is an argument in which the laws of nature might be such as no human being ever saw in operation, and the facts of nature such as no man ever beheld, and yet the conclusion arrived at be precisely the same as it is; it is an argument which has no connection with testimony, little or much; it is an argument which leaves men to judge of the truth of facts, whether miraculous or not, in the same way and by the same laws of evidence, and on the same grounds, as they had done before it was ever heard of; and finally, it is not the kind of argument that all, both followers and antagonists of Hume, have uniformly imagined it to be—that is, it is not an argument in which our experience of the laws of nature, and our experience of human testimony, content about the existence of a miraculous fact. It leaves the thing untouched, and disputes about the name." Whether our readers will be much wiser after reading all this we do not pretend to judge.

The Lord's Supper explained. By a Layman (Shaftesbury Bennett):—is a pamphlet that contains nothing particularly demanding notice, except perhaps a note which occurs in page 6: "Judas was so firmly convinced of the miraculous powers of his master, that he calculated on that very circumstance for carrying out the plan which he had in his shrewd worldly mind designed, for gaining money, without risk to his master, who would (as he thought) save himself, as he had done on previous occasions, by a miracle. When therefore Judas found that his master was condemned, in horror and remorse he hanged himself." We do not at the moment recollect to have elsewhere seen this conjecture put forward with respect to Judas Iscariot's motives in betraying the saviour.

SCIENCE.

Elements of Chemistry. By THOMAS GRAHAM, F.R.S., &c. Second edition. Vol. II., Part I. Edited by H. WATTS, B.A., F.C.S. London: Baillière. 1857.

THIS work was originally commenced in 1842 by Professor Graham, the first volume of the second edition having appeared in 1850; but the pressure of other duties delayed the publication of the remaining parts. The first portion of the three parts, which will complete the second volume, now appears under the editorship of Mr. Watts, the well-known translator of the English edition of Ebelin's "Handbook of Chemistry." When the "Elements" were first published under Professor Graham, the care and accuracy with which the facts contained in it were recorded, and the discussion at length of subjects which till then had hardly obtained a place in English elementary works on chemistry, especially on the constitution of salts, on chemical polarity, on the doctrines of substitution and of chemical types, gave to it a very high character. The edition of 1850 was distinguished by similar excellencies. But from the enormous and rapid strides lately made in chemistry it will not be considered any

disparagement if, in some respects, this now should not be considered as the representative of the actual state of chemical science.

The part just issued under the editorship of Mr. Watts fully sustains its former reputation. Not only are the results of the latest researches on the subject treated of, recorded with great completeness, but the behaviour of each substance with the most important reagents, the methods of separation and quantitative estimation, and the processes of volumetric analysis, are given more fully and systematically than in any other treatise on general chemistry with which we are acquainted. Moreover, the analytical processes are much more likely to be understood, and therefore to be remembered, by students when given in connection with the facts on which they depend, than when presented merely as mechanical processes which, if carefully conducted, will give the results required.

In this part no opportunity is offered of discussing any of the general doctrines of chemistry; but we hope to see the unitary system of the science explained and applied in the part devoted to organic chemistry; for Professor Graham, in the first edition, arranged organic substances with reference to their origin rather than to their chemical properties. In 1842 such an arrangement was, no doubt, as good as any that could have been adopted; but it could not be retained now without concealing some of the most beautiful and important principles which have been developed in the recent progress of the science. Since then some change is necessary. We hope to see this part of the work reconstructed in accordance with the only consistent and precise system of chemical reasoning.

Life in its Lower, Intermediate, and Higher Forms; or, Manifestations of the Divine Wisdom in the Natural History of Animals. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1857.

THIS is another of Mr. Gosse's instructive and charming excursions into the more remote domains of science. In a series of chapters, all written in that clear and lively style which makes Mr. Gosse the most intelligible, as well as the most romantic, of scientific writers, the reader is led to consider some of the more remarkable secrets of that great work of which its Creator Himself authoritatively pronounced that "it was very good." The curious habits of the sponges, the polypes, and the star-fishes (representing life in its lower forms); of the worms and insects and crustacea (representing the intermediate forms); and of the fishes, reptiles, birds, and quadrupeds (representing the higher forms), are explained to the most untechnical reader. The most astonishing facts are stated with a simplicity that leaves no doubt of their authenticity. Thus, when Mr. Gosse tells us that the common house-fly occupies the middle position in creation in point of size, he does so in a manner which at once convinces us that the statement is perfectly accurate. The little volume is illustrated with carefully-executed engravings, representing some of the more interesting phenomena described. Altogether, it will be a very useful and a very attractive present to any student of nature and her wondrous works.

Adulterations Detected; or, Plain Instructions for the Discovery of Frauds in Food or Medicine. By ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D. London: Longmans. 1857.

THE results of Dr. Hassall's able inquiries into the adulteration of human food (which have been already introduced to the public through the medium of the *Lancet*) are here brought together into a convenient and referable form. The diagrams, taken from microscopical observations, are exceedingly well executed, and will serve to assist the most unscientific reader in detecting the difference between the counterfeit and the genuine article. For his labours in this walk Dr. Hassall is entitled to the support and gratitude of the public.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Pilgrimage into Dauphiné; comprising a Visit to the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse; with Anecdotes, Incidents, and Sketches from Twenty Departments of France. By the Rev. GEORGE M. MUSGRAVE, M.A., Author of "A Ramble through Normandy." 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Scenes and Adventures in the Army; or, Romance of Military Life. By P. H. G. COOKE. Philadelphia: Lindsay. London: S. Low and Son. Dord. By a Stroller in Europe. New York: Harper. London: S. Low and Son.

THE Rev. George Musgrave is certainly deficient of one qualification for authorship—the faculty of saying clearly and simply what he means to say. The first sentence of his preface is a sorry

specimen of composition. A schoolboy would have been whipped for it. Here it is:

The arrival of the Emperor and Empress of the French in England, and the return visit of the Queen of these realms to Paris and its Exhibition in 1855, attracting thousands of her subjects to that great sight, in one and the same year, cannot have been wholly unimportant in directing our countrymen's attention towards France, and in creating that interest in its productions and resources, its scenery and people, which stimulates more extensive inquiry, and persuades untravelling men to explore that fine kingdom's territories.

After a short visit to the Paris Exhibition, Mr. Musgrave departed for Meaux, where he fell into rapture about the roses, inspected the quarries, was caught in a shower, and offered a petticoat for a covering, and notes that in the beershops men use full-sized billiard-tables. At Epervy he found out M. Moët's cellars, and witnessed the process of champagne making. Here, too, he saw the residence of the world-renowned

MADAME CLICQUOT.

Madame Clicquot's Château de Bourdeaux, opposite to Damery, is literally a castle in the air, for it stands on the extreme summit of a considerable eminence, rising so abruptly from the line of rail, and elevated at such a perpendicular height as to require no little outstretching of the head and shoulders from a carriage window to gain a view of it. The style of this costly edifice of brilliant white stone is imitative of some of the most ornate specimens of the middle ages, castellated and turreted *con amore*, and the natives admire it as a first-rate sample of modern building, but it is painfully new, being but five years of age, and *parens*; it requires the "toning down" of at least two centuries. Through the telescope in this lady millionaire's drawing-room she may spy the hills of Dormans, and Haut Villiers, the ruins of Château Châtillon, and the ripening clusters of three famous Aî—a name far too familiar to the lovers of *Vins mousseux* to need particularisation or eulogium here. Madame lives in a very atmosphere of vineyards, and thereat bath sucked no small advantage in a bibulous and love-making generation, for her fortune is estimated to be quadruple of Monsieur Moët's, and her daughters are the wives of wealthy men of title. "Wine, wine, wine, wine!" is the genius *de*; and, if all the hedge-timber we saw between Port à Binson and Epervy had been cork-trees, it would only have been in keeping with the general features and *prestige* of the neighbourhood.

From thence to Rheims, Commercy, and Neufchâteau, Dijon, Lyons, the Monastery of the Grand Chartreuse, Grenoble, Moulins, Orleans, and hence through Paris again, completed the route which has been commemorated in two volumes. But, considering how little novelty it has, all that was worth recording might well have been described in one.

At Rheims our tourist visited the market, the very best place for a stranger to acquire some knowledge of the people and productions of a country: far more interesting than descriptions of buildings or views, which words cannot convey in this account of

WHAT RHEIMS PRODUCES.

The market above mentioned was mediocre enough in its supplies and business, which is carried on partly in the open air, partly within a lofty, well-ventilated building or Halle. All the dairies of La Brie seemed to have sent in their last gatherings and remainder, for I never beheld such masses of rotten cheese. The atmosphere around the stalls where the favourite production lay was loaded with the unsavoury effluvia. There was but one butcher's stall; but this little modicum of beef, mutton, and lamb (the latter on sale at sixpence the pound), was compensated by hundreds of skinned rabbits, weighing four pounds each, and priced at three shilling and twopence the couple. American hams seemed also to be a favourite article, and fetched sevenpence a pound. Poultry, eggs, butter, and bacon were abundant, and fifteen per cent. below provincial prices in England. A few fresh-water fish were visible here and there; but none from the sea. Red onions, short-horned and globular carrots, endive and Cus lettuces were plentiful, and that particular species of pea called *pois-blanc à grandes cosses*—(the large crooked sugar pea, raised in Paris.) The pods are very large, weighing nearly an ounce and a half, and ought to be gathered while young, when they cook as tender as a kidney-bean. No shelling is requisite. They are sown in April, and are eatable in August; but it appears to me, who have cultivated them, that they are a hybrid vegetable, neither pea nor bean, and of very equivocal pretensions to good repute. There was hardly any fruit worth looking at; and very small apricots were charged at twopence each; strawberries at sevenpence; cherries at threepence; and new potatoes at three halfpence a pound—a rate exceeding the prices in the West of England at that date, and far from being warranted by the article. I simply mention these facts to disabuse the public mind of the commonly prevailing notion that fruit

is so cheap in France, and her vegetable productions so abundant. While on the subject of local productions, I may as well observe that the "Biscuit de Rheims" enjoys the same repute in France that Le Mann's does, or did, in our country: not that there is the slightest affinity, as the former is not a biscuit at all, but a sponge-cake, as the dictionary will testify. Its peculiar merit lies in its retaining its form and flavour unimpaired for upwards of a year; and its exportation in wooden or tin cases to all parts of France, and many regions lying far beyond it, is something marvellous. I have one by me still which I bought a year and a half since, and, though it resembles the clown's brain described by the melancholy Jacques, it indicates no change whatever. The gingerbread of Rheims is also of as high celebrity as the Banbury cakes of old England. Indeed, all the bread, household as well as "fancy," is incomparably good at Rheims (Ceres still being propitious, no doubt, to the arable land occupier); and the milk-rolls at the "Lion d'Or" would be accounted rare delicacies even at the breakfast-tables in Windsor Castle.

Perhaps our readers will be enlightened, if not amused, by some revelations as to

CHAMPAGNE MAKING.

"You never drink this wine entire," said Monsieur L. "Your nation rejects it in that pure and primitive form in which it is drunk in France and many other countries. The Russians consume enormous supplies of it; and they, of all the northerners (and you know what intense cold is felt in Russia), drink it without the slightest admixture of brandy. Whereas, to forty gallons of pure Champagne wine we are obliged, by the requisitions of the British agents, to add at least five (but more frequently from ten to twelve) gallons of brandy; while for German orders we infuse half a gallon only in that quantity. We consider the true wine spoilt by this mixture; but the English palate demands it, not only in Champagne, but in other wines likewise. Here, for instance, is a letter from Duff Gordon, in which he guarantees to me the delivery of a certain quantity of sherry from Cadiz, without any of the admixture usually introduced, as a matter of course, into the sheries sent to England. All our champagne wine is sweetened artificially; but that is indispensable, as the unsweetened juice of the grape would find no purchaser." He here pointed out nine casks lying in the court-yard of his premises, containing a ton of white sugar from the Isle of Bourbon, every pound of which cost ninepence. Hereupon I requested him to show me some of the genuine liquor in the state, that is, in which it leaves the Pressoir after the regular fermentation processes, and before the sweetening syrup is added. He presently selected a bottle from some bins at hand, opened it, and poured out a glassful. A more unpalatable drink under the denomination of wine I never tasted. It was like Sauterne mixed with wormwood. "Now," said Monsieur L., "I have taken out two glasses from this bottle. Here is a bottle of sweetening syrup, from which I will fill up the deficiency you have just seen created." I witnessed this filling up; and he then handed the bottle to a cellar-man, who corked and strung it in my presence. "That," said he, "will, at no distant date, become a bottle of prime quality. It is the Verzenay growth." I then went into the lower cellars, and had ample opportunity of observing all the processes referred to in Chapter VI. (for the same system prevails, of course, in every establishment); and then, as a matter of business which may concern others much more than myself, obtained the annexed list of "Prix Courants," or current prices, of the wines of Champagne bottled at Rheims:

	per bot.
Grand Vin Crémant (first-class creaming Champagne).....	4 0
Sparkling Verzenay (finest growth of Rheims).....	3 8
Fleur Bouzy.....	3 8
Sparkling Bouzy.....	3 3
Fleur Sillery.....	2 9
Sillery (first quality).....	2 7
Sparkling Aï.....	2 5
Pink Champagne.....	2 9

The cost of a case of three dozen of Verzenay (bottles, case, packing, and cartage to the railway inclusive), would be charged to a buyer in Rheims seven pounds four shillings. It would be delivered at London-bridge Station for ten pounds four shillings, the duty being paid in that sum. Thus the total cost would amount to sixty-eight shillings the dozen.

These extracts will show that Mr. Musgrave is a keen observer, and if all the 600 pages had been equally well stored with facts, we should have been able to commend the work more warmly than in good faith we now can do.

We assume Captain Cook's adventures to be fact, not fiction. They do not look like inventions; and, if they be, their merit is the more. He joined the American army in 1827, and was engaged in a sort of guerilla warfare against the Indians, and it was in the course of this duty that he met with the adventures which he has narrated

in this volume, and which we have no doubt have been somewhat embellished in the telling. They are, however, extremely amusing, and very well told; and, if the incidents are not strictly true, there can be no doubt that all the accessories are sketched from the life. A few passages will exhibit to the reader the character of the contents. Here is an anecdote of one of the prairie hunters:—

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Glass would gladly have retreated, but he knew all attempts would be useless. This desperate situation only nerved him to the combat. All depended upon the success of his first and only shot—with an aim cool and deliberate, but quick, lest greater rapidity in the animal should render it more uncertain, he fired his rifle. The shot was a good one—eventually mortal—but its immediate effect was only to raise to its utmost degree the ferocity of the animal, already greatly excited by the sight and opposition of its intended prey. It bounded forward with a rapidity that could not be eluded in pursuit of its flying adversary, whom danger, with means of defence, had inspired with deliberate action, but now only gave wings for his flight. But it was unavailing, and he knew it: an appalling roar of pain and rage, which alone could render pallid a cheek of firmness, chilled him to the soul; he was overtaken, crushed to the earth, and rendered insensible but to thoughts of instant death. The act of contact had been two blows, inflicting ghastly wounds; the claws literally baring of flesh the bones of the shoulder and thigh. Not sated with this work of an instant, the bear continued to pursue, with unabated speed, the flight of the two other hunters. The chase was to them awfully doubtful: every muscle of a hunter's frame strained to its utmost tension—the fear of a horrid death—the excitement of exertion—together producing a velocity seldom equalled by bipeds, had been unavailing in contest with that of the superior strength and fleetness of the raging animal. But, fortunately, it could not last; it was expended in the distance, from loss of blood—its exertions became more feeble—the sacrifice of a deserted comrade had saved their lives—they reached the camp in safety. When sufficiently recovered, they reported the death of Glass, and their escape from the pursuit of the wounded grizzly bear. A large party was instantly in arms. It had gone but a short distance when the bear was discovered and despatched without difficulty. Glass, they found, was not yet dead. They bore him to the camp, still insensible from the shock of his dreadful wounds. They were considered mortal, but, of course, bound up and treated as well as their circumstances would admit. A question then arose, how he should be disposed of: to carry him further was useless, if not impossible; and it was finally settled that he should be left. Eighty dollars were subscribed for any two men who would volunteer to remain with him, await his death, and then overtake the party. A man named Fitzgerald and a youth of seventeen accepted the proposals, and the succeeding day the main party continued its route as usual.

After two days' watching his comrades left him alone in the wilderness to perish, as they believed, having taken away his rifle, his knife, and left him only a bottle containing some water. Here was a position. Nevertheless,

Glass did not despair; he had found he could crawl, and he determined to endeavour to reach a spot where he could better hope for succour. He crawled towards the Missouri, moving at the rate of about two miles a day! He lived upon roots and buffalo berries. On the third day he witnessed near him the destruction of a buffalo-calf by wolves—and here he gave a proof of a cool judgment: he felt certain that an attempt to drive the wolves from their prey before their hunger was at least somewhat appeased would be attended with danger; and he concluded to wait till they had devoured about half of it, when he was successful in depriving them of the remainder; and here he remained until it was consumed, resting, and perhaps gaining strength. His knees and elbows had by now become bare; he detached some of his other clothing and tied them around these parts, which must necessarily be protected, as it was by their contact with the ground that motion was gained. The wound on his thigh he could wash, but his shoulder or back was in a dreadful condition. For more than forty days he thus crawled on the earth in accomplishing a five days' journey to the Arickara village. Here he found several Indian dogs still prowling among the ruins. He spent two days in taming one of them sufficiently to get it within his power: he killed it with the razor, and for several days subsisted upon the carcase. Glass, by this time, though somewhat recovered of the effect of his wounds, was, as may be supposed, greatly reduced; but he continued his weary and distressing progress, upon arms and knees, down the Missouri river. In a few days he was discovered by a small party of Sioux Indians. These acted toward him the part of a good Samaritan. The wound on his back was found in a horrid condition: it had become full of worms. The Indians carefully washed it, and applied an astringent vegetable liquid. He was soon after taken by them

to a small trading house about eighty miles below, at the mouth of the Little Missouri.

He recovered at last, and swore revenge upon his treacherous companions, and he lived only to gratify it.

Every American who makes the tour of Europe, and is ambitious of authorship, publishes his travels; and, as most of them traverse precisely the same route, they describe the same things in almost the same words. The author of *Doré*, however, claims consideration in his preface, for that this is the third of his visits, and therefore his judgment is more matured, and his opinions better worth listening to. But what is the meaning of his title? He tells us that "Doré means simply the difference between the inside and the outside of things, and that, as this difference has always struck the author more than anything else in Europe, he has adopted the title more as a fit emblem of the position of the Old World than as a representation of the general tone of the work."

The author affects to be "smart." He cannot say anything in a plain straightforward way. He gives odd titles to his chapters; he groups incongruous subjects; he sometimes tries to be funny, but seldom with success, and everybody knows what a dull thing is a bad joke. Many of his sketches are, however, extremely lively and amusing, and we will take a few from his chapter on Parisian manners:

PARIS FIRE-PLACES.

These are so small that there is no danger of getting burned much, even if you should tumble into one. What they are made for it is impossible to imagine, unless to economise wood, which is sold by the pound, like gold in California. As for warmth, you might as well try to get it out of a twopenny candle. What a cheat those great big chimneys, nearly as large as our houses! To look at them from the street, you would fancy they led down to fire-places large enough to roast an ox!

PARIS BEDS.

Parisian beds are delightful. They are almost the only article of furniture made as much with reference to comfort as to show. French furniture is nearly always fine, often splendid. It is always richer than their table, and generally than their purses. In this they are exactly the opposite of the English, whose table and purse always surpass their furniture, thus displaying the taste and vanity of the one and the sensuality and prudence of the other nation. There is nothing the Parisians are vainer of than this very thing of furniture. Their mirrors, beds, curtains, gildings, palisandre, buhl, mahogany, and, in short, whatever can delight the eye, are a constant source of gratification to them.

HAT TROUBLES IN PARIS.

This brings me to hats—a man cannot go without his hat. Worthy of all praise the custom of carrying your hat into the parlour, and holding it in your hand during a short visit; it saves you the trouble of putting it down and taking it up in the hall. But at a dinner the habit is not so convenient. The whole company of twelve or fifteen gentlemen stand holding their hats till dinner is announced, at which moment every one searches for a hat depository. Fifteen hats will occupy fifteen chairs, or fifteen corners when there are only four in the room, or fifteen snug little niches of which there may be only half a dozen. Now the niches and corners will always carry the day with any man; he knows his hat will not be mashed there under some bashful man's coat-tails, and that no one will put it on the floor to get a chair; and then it is just so easy to come right to that corner and find it afterwards: the consequence is, that fifteen men rush with their hats to one corner; they all bump noses and cry *par-r-r-don*, and the whole fifteen rush away again, leaving the corner vacant. They next attack simultaneously a niche; but, as Locke says that two bodies cannot occupy one and the same place at one and the same time, the consequence is that the fifteen hats, not being acquainted with philosophy, pay the penalty of their ignorance, and are knocked into fifteen cocked hats! Another roll of the letter *r*, like the whirling flight of a flock of partridges, follows this last assault, as the fifteen gentlemen again demand *par-r-r-don*. The combatants now arrange their damaged beavers and form an armistice, standing thoughtfully and considering the best plan to adopt, until finally one gentleman turns quietly around and places his hat on the floor behind him. The other fourteen immediately follow his example, each turning on a pivot to avoid further clash, and wonder they did not do so at first. Amid the wine and wit of the dinner-table, of course, hats are entirely forgotten; the consequence is, that, later in the evening, as each one prepares to take his quiet leave, he marches straight to the first corner he had selected as his hat depository, chuckling as he goes with that feeling of knowing what he is about which every man understands who is at all a party-goer, or who has ever lost a hat in a crowd; he puts his hand down involuntarily—"Tiens!" the corner is empty. He is sure he left his hat there. Scratches his head—Ah!

it's in corner No. 2. Empty likewise! Now these two corners have made an indelible impression on every one of the gentlemen, because they had selected those places beforehand, and determined to remember them, forgetting, however, the change they had been compelled to make on the spur of the moment. The consequence is, the whole fifteen have lost their hats, and now go about the room playing "button, button, who's got the button?" peeping into sideboards and behind chairs, under ladies' dresses and on the tops of tables, now "burning" as he casts his eye on the well-known mark of so and so, hat-maker, Rue Richelieu, and now "freezing" again as he finds the thing won't go on the top of his head. The result is, that, after displacing every lady in the room, the hats are found, and the gentlemen take their French leave in a very noisy manner, returning to their homes sadder but not wiser men, for they know they will do the same thing over again to-morrow, because it is the fashion! The picture is hardly overdrawn. Is it not more simple, when invited to dinner, to hang one's hat up in the hall?

There is good sense and truth in the following remarks on

FRENCH CIVILITY.

I am every day more pleased with Parisian manners. Manners have but little to do with morals or with heart, and here lies a great source of misunderstanding between Saxon and Gaul. We persist in considering the French hypocritical, because, in looking from our point of view, a certain cordiality of manner is evidence of a certain cordiality of heart, which they do not pretend to. On the other hand, the French fall into the same error in regarding English coldness of manner as an evidence of an absence of all feeling. A Frenchman does not take it as any evidence of friendship that another Frenchman holds a long conversation with him in a café. He dances into one café and out of another; now to a theatre; now to a ball; talking freely with all, sipping a little honey from a flower here and another there, and the next day forgets even the faces, perhaps, of those he has talked with. An American would remember the next day every face he had seen, and would go up and shake hands if he should meet with them again. He mistakes amenity for friendship. With the majority of persons we meet in life, the most we can do is to show these pleasing amenities which tend so much to make life agreeable, and it is universal with the French to the very lowest classes. Therefore, on his first arrival at Paris, a stranger is quite deceived unless he is aware of the character of the people. He is astonished at the cordiality with which he is welcomed; he believes he is among the most warm-hearted people in the world; in short, he is delighted and charmed with everybody and everything he sees. When he discovers that he has been deceived, has he a right to accuse the Parisians of hypocrisy? I let Jean Jacques Rousseau answer.

And what does he say?

"Let us render the French justice. They are not so prodigal of protestations of friendship as they are said to be, and those which they do make are nearly always sincere; but they have a manner of appearing to interest themselves in you which deceives more than words. One fancies they say less than they wish to do in order to afford you an agreeable surprise. They are not false in their demonstrations; they are naturally officious, humane, benevolent, and even—whatever others may say to the contrary—more true than any other nation, but they are light and fickle. They feel, in effect, the sentiments they express to you; but these sentiments go as they came. While speaking with you they are full of you; out of sight you are out of mind. Nothing is durable in their hearts; the work of the moment is everything with them."

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

The Second Wife: A Novel. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Married for Love. By the Author of "Cousin Geoffrey," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

NEITHER of these two new novels departs from the conventionalities of modern circulating library fiction. There is not the slightest trace of originality of design or style, of thought or of character. The same wearisome round of lords and baronets, and countesses and ladies, who have played parts in nine-tenths of the novels of the last seven years, talk the same common-places, do the same things, wise or foolish as they may be, and leave no more impression upon the reader's mind than so many shadows would imprint upon the ground on which they fall. In *The Second Wife* we are introduced to Lord Algernon Vere, Sir Percival, Lord St. Ormond, Sir Reginald, Lady Estcourt, Lady Bouverie, Lord and Lady Glenraven, and ever so many more; while *Married for Love*, although not so exclusively devoted to titles,

cannot omit them altogether, but treats us to glimpses of a Duke of Burlington and a Sir Maurice. Now, as we have so often said, why cannot our novelists leave lords and ladies alone? They who thus wrote of them know nothing at all about them; they were never in a lord's family for half an hour, except, perhaps, in the capacity of governess, or possibly, of ladies' maid. They paint not from nature, but from copies of copies, and therefore it is that their portraits are so very unlike. If they would be content to depict the society with which they have a personal acquaintance, the middle classes, to which they belong, they would give more pleasure to their readers, win a higher fame, and raise the reputation of our literature of fiction, which has somewhat declined of late years, under the mass of inanity under which the shelves of the circulating library have groaned. If they hope to have it believed that they move in the grand circles they attempt to describe, they may thrust it aside, for they may be assured that the unreality of their reports betrays them.

The Second Wife is peculiarly open to this objection. Almost every character has a title; and the author evidently feels a sort of relish in the repetition of them, as a wealthy millionaire delights in "lording" with every sentence a stray nobleman whom he may have tempted to his table by turtle and claret. The plots, however, for there are three or four, are better contrived than usual, and this is the redeeming feature of the work. According to a practice growing too common, a zest is sought to be given to it by a spice of the odium theologicum. There is a hit at Roman Catholicism and the Jesuits in the person of Archibald Grant. At Greystone Abbey he lived, and there were found, of course, in "an iron-bound fissure," several piles of documents, carefully indorsed. They were the stern uncompromising edicts of the Propaganda. On a careful perusal of this voluminous correspondence, it was found that throughout Archibald Grant's unhappy life, in his earlier conviviality as in his later asceticism, in the acquisition of his wife, as well as in his abandonment of her—in his outward profession of one faith as in his secret devotion to another—he obeyed to the letter the imperative instructions of his Ultramontane superiors. Tortuous as the passage that led to it, deep as the cell that contained it, was the policy which this correspondence revealed. The career of its unfortunate victim, and that of his associates, furnish a warning which all who love the venerable and holy Church of our land will do well to heed. It will be seen from this that *The Second Wife* is a controversial novel, or rather a fiction written with an express design to write down one Church and write up another—a very proper object for argument, but not for fiction. But, while protesting against all novels of this class, we must confess that they are popular, and perhaps this one will as much deserve popularity as its predecessors.

Married for Love is much more clever. It is, indeed, far above the average of novels of the season. It has wit, spirit, a lively fancy, and keen, because polished, satire. We remember "Cousin Geoffrey" well, and we augured from its fair promise that its author would, with industry, win a high place in fiction. The great improvement manifested in this work confirms the augury. Some of the characters are conceived and sustained with wonderful truth and vigour. Mrs. Wheedle Brown is capital and original. The story also is skillfully constructed, the interest in it gradually growing to a climax, and there is enough of the romantic about it to excite the wonder without offending the sense of propriety. We will not describe that plot, but say only that it is the best novel which the present season has yet produced.

Friends of Bohemia; or, Phases of London Life.

By E. M. WHITTY, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

THERE is something about this novel which reminds us very forcibly of an abbreviated giant—a monster in size and strength and symmetry, who has been cut down, either by nature or chain-shot, from six feet down to four. It looks as if it had been in three volumes when it went to press, and, by some accident or other, only two came out. If this be so, the readiest explanation which presents itself to our mind is, that wiser counsels were suffered to prevail, and that Mr. Whitty thought better of it before wasting his fine talents upon an exposure of those paths

which he himself has for many years been treading, and at the expense of the men with whom he has been for years bound up in *camaraderie*. There is something so alluring (when regarded from a distance) in the notion of *exposing* anything—especially when by so doing you may indulge in the gratification of a little private pique, and, under pretence of giving the diagnosis of a social sore, stick your lancet into the side of an old enemy, or an old friend, which is much the same thing. Some persons have a morbid fondness for exposing; they root up the dirty tittle-tattle of the world and proclaim it at the market-place; they expose friends and enemies, high, low, rich, and poor, and perhaps all the while they are exposing themselves. Is it not a proud thing to get up into a pulpit (even though we ourselves supply the wood for its erection), and hurl big-sounding words of criticism and reprobation, launch smart arrows of sarcasm, at the heads of the crowd from among whom we have just elevated ourselves? Remembering this, we may give Mr. Whitty credit for self-denial in having left many things undone which he might have done, in carrying out what was evidently designed in the beginning as an *exposure*.

After all, what is the good of turning round upon your old friends, and showing them up? Granted that you have *exposed* your clique: brought it into disrepute; told a great deal of truth, flavoured up with a spice of fiction; wreaked a thousand petty vengeance; done, in point of fact, everything that can be alleged against the most ill-bred bird that ever exhibited a total disregard for domestic cleanliness. But suppose the world turns round and says (as it has a perfect right to do), This is all very well, and may be true; we shall use your information as we think proper: but you, you are nothing but a king's evidence—you would not have known of these things if you had not lived among them; you are as bad as the man you expose, nay, you are worse, for you have turned traitor to your old friends. You are Agar coming from Portland works to split upon Burgess and Pierce. Thanks to you, we find them guilty, but you must go back to your chains. You cannot build up a good reputation out of such rotten materials as treachery and want of faith. Avaunt!

If, however, Mr. Whitty has not deserved this sentence, we must observe, with great pain and regret, that we should have been better pleased if he had observed still greater reticence. To the general reader, there is much in this exceedingly powerful story which will appear mysterious and enigmatical. For the benefit of such we could, were we so disposed, take a pencil and write a key down the margin, filling up all the blanks, and quoting chapter and verse for many a dark hint and quiet innuendo. But we shall not do so—we shall not set the scandal-mongers agog to read "The Friends of Bohemia," for no better purpose than to familiarise themselves with tales which years ago amused the *coulisses* of the great theatre of London life. We regret even to observe that even the dirtiest episodes picked up in the gutters of our most vicious sea-port towns have not been left for the benefit of the local scavengers. It would not even be difficult to prove that the journal which Mr. Whitty selects for special cutting-up is that over which he himself presided for some time. But we shall give these faults nothing but a passing glance, lest by detailing them in a more special manner we should add to the mischief which they are likely to cause.

There is a great book to be written about that Bohemia, whose name Mr. Whitty has invoked to give greater interest to the title-page of his book, than any subsequent leaf can boast of—that country, which we know, but which no one has ever measured; that land which contains more learning, more wit, a brighter blending of joys and sorrows, and a more impetuous and more golden stream of life, than any other on the habitable globe. Like Shakspeare's Bohemia, this has a seacoast, and it borders on the great ocean of Infinity; and the Bohemians (if you look at them with kindly eyes, and not with the vision of an enemy) are light-hearted revellers, sporting upon the yellow sands, innocent and joyous, like a picture by Poussin. For oh, Mr. Whitty! whet your scalpel as you will, ransack your notebook for the old tales which you have been years in collecting, put on the millionth magnifying power to your microscopic eyes, and when all has been done the true Bohemian shall remain better and more innocent than you, and cakes and ale shall

abound in Bohemia, although you be an emigrant from its shores.

It will scarcely be fair, however, to close this notice without letting Mr. Whitty speak for himself. Two specimens of style alone we subjoin; and they are fair specimens, as indicative both of the matter and the manner of the book:

A BOHEMIAN DINNER.

Bohemians are always punctual—to dinner. The party were together within five minutes of the hour named: each man taking his place at the unclothed white deal table, specially put up on these occasions; and seizing a knife and fork for himself from the pile—like a pirate's preparation for battle—in the centre of the board.

Some asked for the news, others asked for liqueurs. "They say there was a row at the Cabinet Council, this afternoon."

"They always say that of the Saturday meetings. It's the last thing invented before Sunday; the imagination for the week being exhausted."

"It's refreshed, I suppose, by a peep into the Bible on Sunday."

"Drink deep, or taste not of that spring." "Pope might have referred to spring generally. A little of anything is a dangerous thing."

"Especially money," said Crowe. "What can you do with a five-pound note? It is nothing to your creditors. You spend it on a dinner—and the *après*," etc. etc.

Has the reader had enough of Bohemian talk? We have; and therefore cut the quotation short with a protest against its being taken for a photograph, and an assurance that journalists and artists are really not such very great jackasses as Mr. Whitty would make them out to be. Nor, indeed (without being enabled to pronounce very authoritatively upon this point), should we advise Mr. Whitty's readers to place much more reliance upon the accuracy of the following sketch of a political dinner at Woburn Abbey:—

The Duke prided himself on his dinners; and on these occasions his cook, being a Whig gentleman, always exerted himself to the utmost. Lord Colon Bustle was now highly gratified with his sauce à la Charles premier, a ragout à la Sidney, and some Somers pudding. Kithree, whose family had got their land in the county of Kithreany by the 1688 business, praised some venison done *aux Jacobins*.

Wirra Shrew, who was an authority, and had induced Lady Boswain, at one of her receptions, to try the *corps diplomatique* with gin-sling, made after the receipt of the Deformed Club, humiliated the Duke rather by asking for some Australian wine.

"I drink nothing else now: the leathery-kangaroo-skin flavour suits me," said Wirra Shrew.

"Some Australian wine for Mr. Wirra Shrew," said his Grace to the affrighted butler, with a wave of the hand which put all observation out of the question.

The butler, ghastly, tore his hair in the cellar, mixed half a dozen wines together, with a dash of brandy to coalesce them, and brought the mixture up in a gold cup.

"Capital!" said Wirra Shrew. "Is that the 'Argus' wine?" asked he, with a knowing look.

The butler whispered to his master, "It appears that it is called 'Coalition!'" observed his Grace.

And by this time the reader will have had enough of talk at Woburn Abbey.

And yet, in spite of such pages, and there are many of them, there are evidences of power and of trenchant analytical thought,—bright gems of epigrammatic wit,—enough to make the fortune of half a dozen fashionable novels. In these we recognise the bold and vigorous pen of the author of "The Governing Classes." As we close *Friends of Bohemia*, without feeling in the slightest degree interested in any one of the personages in the drama, we ask ourselves the question, whether Mr. Whitty has not proved that the most brilliant of political essayists may make a very bad novelist.

Paved with Gold; or, the Romance and Reality of London Streets. By the Brothers MAYHEW. Chapman and Hall. No. I.

It would be something to know what particular brothers of that versatile family the Mayhews are the authors of this serial; because then we should be able to give a pretty close guess as to what we are to expect. If Henry Mayhew be one of them, a splendid fragment, an unfinished sketch, dashed off by a master-hand; if Augustus, a bright, humorous picture, with a dash of grave thought and a moral at the bottom; if Horace, a pastiche as elegant and as pointed as a valentine, as funny as a comic mute, as witty as one of *Punch's* worst paragraphs. From the first number of *Paved with Gold* we gather, either that Henry Mayhew has handed over to his brethren the *rudis indigestaque moles* of facts and statistics collected for his "Great World of London," or that he is making rather a weak use of them himself.

The Heroes of Asgard and the Giants of Jotunheim; or, the Week and its Story. By the author of "Mia and Charlie." London: Bogue.

THE Scandinavian mythology converted into a tale told for the edification of children, after the manner of books that have taught the Greek and Roman mythology. But no genius can invest the gods of Asgard with the charms of the gods of Olympus. They have none of the grace or dignity. But the authoress has made the best of an unattractive theme.

MR. HODGSON has added to his collection of "Household Novels" a cheap series of works of established fame—Capt. Reid's *Scalp Hunters and Rifle Rangers*, and Mr. James's *Arrah Neele*.—Edgar Huntley; or, the *Sleep-walker*, will be a most acceptable addition to the "Railway Library." But why is the old familiar, and therefore preferable, green cover abandoned for a "fancy" one?

Lever's Works, Vol. III.: *Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon*, Vol. II. (Chapman and Hall).—The completion of Lever's best novel. It is very handsomely printed, and very cheap.

Mr. Fullon's novel, *The King and the Countess*, has been reprinted in a cheap form by Ward and Lock. —Cooper's novel, *The Chainbearer*, has been added to the "Parlour Library;" and a volume entitled *Dark Deeds*, a collection of tales of crime, by the author of "The Gaol Chaplain" (Ward and Lock), will please the lovers of exciting tales.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Cloud Shadows, and other Poems. By JOHN W. FLETCHER, Author of "The Battle of the Alma," &c. London: Longman and Co.

Eva, and other Poems. By CAROLINE G. PHILLIPSON. London: Moxon.

Heart Music for Working People. Selected and arranged by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A. London: Partridge and Co.

Mind's Mirror, with minor Poems. By M. J. J.—N. London: Groombridge.

Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. London: Simpkin and Co.

THE arm of the smith acquires not only activity but largeness from the rapid and frequent blows which his ponderous hammer deals the glowing and ductile iron. So the poet, if there be any improvability in his nature, acquires mental stature and breadth by the exercise of his faculties. There have been cases, but they are solitary and rare, where the poet has exhausted himself by a single effort, where a single poem has drained his intellectual wealth, where, Narcissus-like, every mental throe has reduced him from a greater to a less beauty—for your true poet can no more dwindle into deformity than Narcissus could pine into anything less lovely than a flower. The general rule is that the exercise of the poetic faculty not only gives activity to that faculty, but breadth and boldness. More than this, there is a paramount reason why a true minstrel should keep his name blazoned before the public. There have been so many false prophets and literary quacks in all countries and all times, that suspicion and, still more, indifference have been engendered in the public mind. Many men of warm genius have failed to thaw this icy indifference, simply because they have not had the courage or the application to keep their names before the reading world. Rarely has the first book made a splendid fame; but it more frequently happens that the publication of the third or fourth book gives the triumph to persistency, and wins back laggard attention to the author's first work, and to those beauties which were unknown or only feebly recognised. Now Mr. Fletcher has wisely determined that there shall be no reasonable excuse for neglecting his claims. This is, we think, the fourth volume of poems he has published, all of which have been distinguished by lyrical energy. "The Battle of the Alma," which passed to a second edition, we pronounced in these pages as taking a foremost rank. Since that time Mr. Fletcher, by the exercise of his vocation, has, like the arm of the smith, acquired sinew, substance, and power. *Cloud Shadows*, his latest volume, proves this indubitably. The poet, without losing any of his individual emotion, which is the chief mark of the lyrist, has here described with the graphic combination of the harmonist. Some of his figures are grand and imposing. They are not so thickly huddled as to mar effect; but frequently one lifts his "gleamy head," and we bend to its superior presence. Here is one:

Across the hills,
From the blue eastern billows, mermaid-like,
Morning unveiled the lustre of her eyes,
And flung the cloud-foam from her rippling locks;
Noon like a panther by a fountain, lay
In splendid beauty and sublime repose.

Or this, finer still and bolder—almost equal to the grand figure of Alexander Smith, where the setting sun is described as a cloven king dying in his own blood.

The dying sun
Stood like a stag at bay, and, lifting up
A flashing look upon the fleet black clouds
That follow'd in his track, with one brave bound
Dash'd into darkness.

For richness of thought and splendour of colouring we give preference to the first poem, "Cloud Shadows;" but there are poems in the book of equal if not superior human interest. We could cite, for instance, "The Nemesis of Love," an old story of wrong and suffering, beautified and sanctified by the divinity of woman's love. So we grow wise by the sorrow which scathens us. So every creature that has suffered has learnt wisdom; and this old fact we will give in the poet's words, for he has rendered it beautiful, and new too, by the plastic melody of the muse.

But yet 'tis best that we should live, for God
Hath so appointed; and the clouds that pass
Above us teach us faith, and patience springs
From tribulation, and the broken heart—
The weary, wandering spirit passes up
From phase to phase of light, as angels pass
From star to star, and shelters in the still
And shining shadow of the gate of Heaven.

Need we say more or quote more to recommend this admirable book of poems?

Eva and other Poems is a very pleasant volume. Since the appearance of "Lonely Hours," a volume of poems very unequal in performance, though, as we remarked at the time, containing eloquent tenderness and flowing melody, Mrs. Phillipson has acquired strength and breadth of composition. There is less in this book of the weakness of sentimentality and more of the activities of every-day life. Pensiveness is sometimes an unhealthy feeling, and it was so in some respects in "Lonely Hours." Here we have the expression of womanly tenderness with less of the painfulness of womanly regret. Mrs. Phillipson must still press forward in her literary career, and we have no hesitation in saying, from evidence already adduced, that she will yet become no unworthy companion of Mary Howitt and Felicia Hemans.

Heart Music for Working People well deserves its title, since it is made up of many beautiful poems. The selections show that Mr. Erskine Clarke has exercised a refined taste, that he perfectly understands through what channel the affections can be reached. A volume so cheap and so admirable ought to adorn the cottage of every working man.

What shall we say of *Mind's Mirror*, a poem that has all the vices of the worst school? The material glass, with its quicksilver lining, that homely thing which so frequently adorns the mantel-piece, reflects every object, whether ugly or comely, presented to it; but this unnatural poem, which is wrongly termed a "Mirror," reflects only that which is misshapen and ill-defined. It is a poem cast in the mould of "The Mystic," for which Mr. Phillip Bailey is answerable. If we for a moment thought the author understood his own meaning, we should gravely and dutifully attempt to solve it also, since it is not the first time we have laboured at enigmas. That task is, however, spared us, for we are assured that the metrical sphynx cannot solve his own riddle. We have no ordinary patience for an author of this kind. He has either tried how much unintelligible twaddle he can impose on the credulity of the public, or he has the misfortune to believe that it was reserved for him to erect another tower of Babel, to inaugurate another confusion of tongues. Certain critics have croaked themselves hoarse over the spasmodics of Alexander Smith and Sidney Dobell; but to our thinking, that heavy and dense mysticism which the latest works of Bailey and Robert Browning have established, and which is imitated in *Mind's Mirror*, is still more injurious to the growth and flow of pure literature. We see, and always saw, the defects of Smith and Dobell as clearly as any of our contemporaries. We know their genius runs often into riot; we know that, not content with lighting their torch at the fire which incessantly burns on the top of Parnassus, they, with Promethean ambition, strive to snatch diviner sparks from heaven. Hence they attempt at times to talk with the "big utterance of the

gods," while we all the while perceive that their limbs are human.

But—and herein lies the vast superiority of such men to the author before us—their life is not all spasm, as this one is all obscurity. They know *how*, if they do not always know *when*, to touch this mortal earth, to draw familiarly nigh to our firesides, and the result is a series of beautiful and luminous situations which their greatest detractors cannot gainsay. But the author before us has no redeeming clearness to atone for his general indistinctness, unless it is the poor fact that the conclusion of *Mind's Mirror* is, by the faintest possible glimmer, more understandable than its commencement. It requires strong effort and stronger language on the part of the critics to do battle with the growing impenetrable mysticism of the poets, led on, as it unfortunately is, by men of decided genius; and Professor Aytoun, should he enter on the strife, would help to destroy a more dangerous ogre than he fought against in his "Firmilian." We will present some brief extracts, to see whether our readers are more fortunate than we to discover the author's meaning amid a jostle of compound words and ugly sentences. This is a stanza from the preface, which ought be explanatory:

Mind's faithful mirror's picturing phase we hold
With firm, yet timid hand—as it were bold—
To reading of some kindly eye
Noon suns, dusk high,
Contortion—seemings shadowy form portray'd—
So day-dream's mystic powers, perforce, abrade,
Breathed in the language of our nether sphere,
Conventional in idiom's blighting sere:
O that our pen with heavenly fire were rife,
Whilst love thus fondles unto tremulous life,
Here beauteous bird-thoughts, green divulging flight,
Athwart the vast unknown, up-fires celestial light.

One more stanza, quite taken at random, will suffice:—

By sense intoxicated to overflush,
Wealth'd dear earth-things, supine will's energies
Succumb, delirium's impassion'd bush,
Devotion-hov'd unto the potencies,
Do immoderate ethereal Being's fire,
Shall cope with angels' loftiest aspire.

After this jargon, we turn with a keener relish to the more natural, more truly Saxon muse of Professor Blackie—the *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece*. The name may favour the supposition that the inspiration was drawn from Macaulay, but it is not so. The strong energy of Macaulay is not here, but neither is there his abruptness, which is sometimes more startling than pleasing; but we have a free picturesque flood of rhyme, eminently lyrical, and more or less dealing with the heathen mythology for a moral purpose. There can be no doubt that Mr. Blackie speaks the truth when he says,

God in dreams
Has spoken to the wise,
And in a people's mythic themes
A people's wisdom lies.

since, doubtless, the religious and moral life of the Greeks were represented by beautiful fables. The verse we have quoted shows a command of poetic art, or rather, as in Mr. Blackie's case, "the art itself is nature." The hints for conduct and the fine tone of morality which those lays enforce recommend them as much as their picturesque situations. Such as when Epimetheus enjoys the company of the fair Pandora, at last to be taught the mysteries of that famous box which every schoolboy knows Vulcan cunningly framed and Jove bestowed as a dowry.

Still to fools the fleeting pleasure
Buys the lasting pain.

Or as, when speaking of Prometheus, Mr. Blackie finely says:

To live's to strive; and in the strife
To move the rock, and stir the clod,
Man makes himself a God.

We would recommend the volume first for its healthy tone, and secondly for its manly English style.

The Frithjof Saga: a Scandinavian Romance. By ESIAIS TEGNER. Translated into English by C. W. HECKETHORN. London: Trübner and Co. 1856.

HOWEVER unfamiliar the name of Tegner, the Swedish poet, may sound to English ears, to those of his countrymen it recalls memories not less proud than that of Homer does to the Greek or Shakspeare to the Englishman. Esaias Tegner, Bishop of Wexio and Knight of the order of the North Star, was looked upon during his life as a true successor of those bards whose glorious sagas yet find their echo in the bosom of every true child of the North. Whilst he was yet

alive, Longfellow, the American poet, reviewing the state of cotemporary literature in Europe, spoke of him as "a man of grand and gorgeous imagination, and poetic genius of a high order;" in another place he terms him "the modern Skald who has written his name in immortal runes." Among the most prized of his poems is the *Frithjof Saga*, and this it is upon which Mr. Heckethorn has executed the office of translator, with sufficient ability to render the admiration which the poem excites in its native form at least intelligible to those who are unacquainted with the language.

Frithjof, the hero of the Saga, is a man cast in the same mould as Samson of the Jews, Theseus of the Greeks, Antar of the Arabs, and Ruy "the Cid Campeador" of the Spaniards. The poem, like all that are cast in the antique mould, begins at the very beginning and discovers Frithjof a boy, in love with the fair Ingeborg.

Thus grew they up with grace endow'd,
Young Frithjof like the oak-tree proud;
The rose to ev'ry northern heir
Was known as Ingeborg the Fair.

His heart with proud delight it grew,
When he the rustic letters knew;
No higher honour sought his heart,
Could he to her his skill impart.

When he with her in tiny boat
Did down the bluish waters float,
How did with clapping hands she hail
The shifting of the snowy sail.

No bird's nest was too high for him,
He clamber'd to the rocky rim;
The eagle on the airy high
Must lose his brood to please her eye.

There is no torrent, e'er so wild,
Through which he does not bear the child.
How blissful, when the eddy storms,
To be embraced by lily arms.

The first of flows that sweetly blows,
The first of berries as it glows,
The ripest peach, the ripest pear,
He fondly bringeth to the Fair.

An education so commenced could lead but to one result. Frithjof and Ingeborg grow up together, and love grows up between them.

The virgin loves the val'rous deed,
And beauty is the hero's meed;
As round the finger twines the ring,
The maiden to the man does cling.

But, as usual, there is a slight obstacle to prevent the consummation of the hero's wishes; he is lowborn; whilst the maiden derives her pedigree from the very gods themselves. Hilding, the guardian of the pair, thus addresses Frithjof:

"Of ancient lineage is she,
From Odin dates her pedigree;
Oh, Thorsten's son, no longer strive,
For like with like alone will thrive."

The next scene in the drama introduces us to some important personages—King Bele, the father of the young lady, and his sons Helge and Halfdan. The old King announces that he is near his dying hour, and delivers a charge to his children. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the character of the two brothers. Helge is stern, proud, and bigoted; whilst Halfdan is a merry, luxurious soul.

And they enter'd slowly, and one by one,
First came gloomy Helge, with features wan;
He'd left the priests and altars begrimed with blood,
And came with gory hands from the sacred wood.

Then youthful Halfdan enter'd the hall of state,
His face, tho' noble, yet it was effeminate;
For sport alone appear'd he the sword to wear,
He like a virgin look'd in a hero's gear.

The old King, having given good advice, dies, and Helge, the stern bigot, reigns in his stead. As might have been expected, this circumstance proves the reverse of favourable to Frithjof in his suit for the fair Ingeborg. Frithjof demands the hand of Ingeborg; is repelled with scorn by the proud Helge; thereupon high words ensue, and Frithjof leaves the country in high dudgeon.

The next personage in the drama is old King Ring, a potentate of great consequence, but somewhat advanced in years. He comes to pay his suit to Ingeborg. Helge receives him propitiously, but, upon consulting the gods, he can get no encouragement to forward the match.

Nor Wala nor priest gave propitious news,
Nor entrails reeking;
The terrified Helge could naught but choose
The maid to refuse:
"Man must not resist when the gods are speaking."

To the refusal of Helge Prince Halfdan adds some frivolous banter, which rouses the ire of the old King, who vows immediate vengeance. Apart from all these cabals and troubles, Ingeborg sits sorrowful and pensive, thinking on her absent lover, her beloved Frithjof.

And now the sorrowful maiden behold,
All lonely and still;
She seweth with silk, and she seweth with gold;
Her tears they roll'd,
As dew does fall in the vale on the lily.

Dreading the anger of King Ring, the sons of Bele would willingly appease the angry Frithjof. To this Frithjof will only consent on one condition, the hand of Ingeborg; and that he claims before the Ting, or solemn conclave of chiefs met to deliberate over the safety of the nation. The feeling of the Ting is with the hero; but crafty Helge is not without a means to escape from the dilemma. He charges Frithjof with having met his sister within Baldur's fane, whereby the altar of the god was polluted. Frithjof confesses his fault, and in expiation he is sentenced to go and claim a tribute from a certain Yarl Aganthyr, who for some time has neglected to pay proper homage to the house of Bele. Upon this dangerous errand Frithjof departs, after a tender parting with his beloved Ingeborg; Helge praying to the gods for his speedy destruction. A dreadful storm overtakes Frithjof; but he, forewarned of the spite and power of Helge, climbs to the mast-head, from whence he discerns two imps riding upon a whale, who, at Helge's command, are directing the storm against the unfortunate hero. Frithjof steers his good ship Ellida against the whale, which he kills, and with two spears he soon puts to flight the imps Heyd and Ham; whereupon the storm is calmed, and Frithjof lands safely in the country of Yarl Aganthyr.

This Yarl Aganthyr appears to have been a gentleman of the good old Scandinavian school, fond of feasting, fighting, and fun of every description. When the good ship Ellida neared the land, the Yarl was congenially occupied by drinking "glowing wines" in the company of his warriors:—

He was expert at drinking,
And lov'd his cup amain;
Oft push'd it, merely winking,
To fill it up again.

While engaged in this pleasant occupation, he describes Frithjof and his sailors disembarking from the vessel; and, as he had known and loved the hero's father Thorsten, he at once dispatches several of his companions to give him a characteristic reception.

Twelve champions wildly springing
Then from the festive board,
Attend him, fiercely swinging
The war-club and the sword.
Thus to the beach the ralers,
Where Ellida does ride,
And Frithjof warns his sailors
In future to confide.

A terrific combat ensues between Frithjof and a "black-bearded Berserk," named Atle, a swashbuckler of great renown; which ends, of course, in favour of Frithjof, who is borne off in triumph to the good old Yarl, who has been waiting all this time to resume his suspended occupation of drinking. When Frithjof arrives at the palace he is surprised at the unwonted proofs of civilisation which he found there; which, indeed, was scarcely to be expected after the curious reception he had met with.

No boarding rough disguises
But half the grimy wall;
Gilt leather with devices
Adorns the stately hall.

No lurid blaze ascended
From floor of rugged stone;
The flame, more nobly tended,
In marble chimney shone:
There sought no smoke and ashes
Through sooty roof release;
And glass was in the sashes,
The doors had locks and keys.

Not on the banquet gleameth
The plume-chips' flicking light;
From silver scones streameth
A radiance pure and bright.
And whole the roe-buck tender
Upon the board is placed;
Upbraided the legs so slender,
The horns with foliage graced.

And on each guest attendeth
A maiden lily-white,
Whose presence brightness lendeth
As stars do in the night.
Their golden locks are flying,
The light blue eyes do glow,
The lips, with corals vying,
Like luscious roses blow.

This certainly is much better fun than fighting black-bearded Berserks upon the strand; and Frithjof exerted himself to the utmost to render his conversation agreeable to his entertainers. In this endeavour he perfectly succeeds; the adventures of his own short but eventful career supply the most interesting topics; and when he describes his love for the fair Ingeborg we read that

In many a maid was lighted
Of love the sudden brand,
Who would have press'd delighted
The faithful lover's hand.

But when Frithjof broaches the little matter of the tribute, the Yarl refuses to entertain the notion that he is amenable for tribute to any one. His purse is quite at the service of the hero, so his daughter and his palace—the stalwart youth is welcome to them all; he may stay as long as he likes, and do whatsoever pleaseth him; but tribute from Yarl Aganthyr may he not carry back with him. And so they sit drinking and toping all the night through.

Till day came peering
Upon the selfsame spot;

And in the spring he returns back again to his own country. Strange and woful are the scenes which meet him there. The perfidious Helge hath razed his dwelling to the ground, and he finds nothing but blackened ruins.

The eagle was gone; they robbed his nest. In a short time he hears the whole truth. The old King Ring has invaded the land, and the brothers have been perforce compelled to deliver up the fair Ingeborg to his hands. Frithjof is beside himself, and vents the first burst of his fury upon the lady.

The first of evils Loke did devise,
It was a lie, and in woman's guise.

Soon, however, he is assured that Ingeborg is true to him, and must be regarded merely as the innocent victim of circumstances. It is against Helge now that his anger turns, and he vows to meet him at Baldur's festival, and there chastise him.

For sister traffic and arson fell!

At Baldur's altar he beards him and fells him to the ground. In the confusion which follows the temple catches fire, and the holy pile meets with the same fate as Frithjof's dwelling-house. Filled with remorse for the sacrilegious consequences of his deed, Frithjof flies and becomes a wandering Viking or pirate upon the face of the seas. Whilst engaged in this occupation he promulgated certain laws for the better regulation of piracy, some of which are worth quotation:

Guard the maiden on land, but on board she must stay,
Were it Friga, the law does declare,
For the dimple on cheek is the deepest of pits,
And the ringleted hair is a snare.

Wine is Walfader's drink, its enjoyment is lawful;
But consciousness always retain:
For who staggers on land, is yet safe; but at sea he
Is drawn into Rana's domain.

When the merchant approaches, protect then his vessel,
If the tollage he does not withhold;
Thou art lord of the sea, he the servant of lucre;
Thine iron's as good as his gold.

But with dice and with lots be divided the booty,
Of fate's result never complain;
But the sea-king he throws not the dice for the booty,
He wishes but honour to gain.

After three years spent in wandering, Frithjof grows tired of that mode of life, and resolves to return to his native land. He goes disguised like an old man to the court of his rival King Ring. Even when he casts off the disguise, and appears in his own proper person,

As Baldur he was handsome, like Thor with grandeur crowned,

The old king knows him not, and exhorts him to assist him in opposing the hostile Frithjof. But Ingeborg knows him well—

Then mounted to the forehead of Ingeborg the blood,
As fields of snow are tinged by north-light's purple-flood;
And as two water-lilies, when storm the billows cleaves,
Are rocked upon the waters her gentle bosom heaves.

Frithjof stays at the court of King Ring until the winter, when, in a skating party, he enjoys an opportunity of proving his devotion to the fair Ingeborg by saving her life. At length, while hunting alone with Ring, the old man sleeps upon the ground, and Frithjof is sorely tempted to slay him, but the hero resists the temptation; whereupon the aged Ring discovers that he knew him from the first, and that he but made trial of his heart, offers him his throne, his wife, and his kingdom, for he cannot hope to enjoy them himself much longer. Struck with shame for having disguised himself, Frithjof refuses these munificent offers, and announces his intention of returning to his vagabond mode of life; but at this precise juncture old King Ring dies most opportunely, and leaves to Frithjof what he had freely offered to him, his wife and his crown. News now arrives that Helge is dead, and that Halfdan, who is friendly to Frithjof, now reigns alone. Appeased by his long trials, and by submission and sacrifices, Baldur blesses his union with Ingeborg, and

Frithjof is at length compensated for his difficulties and sufferings.

The priest the excommunicating curse removed
Which lay upon the outlaw'd, peace-forsaken man;
And, as he spoke, at once there enter'd Ingeborg,
In bridal dress arrayed, around her waved the ermine
Of royal mantle; waiting-maids attended her,
As stars surround the moon upon the heaven's vault.
Her lovely eyes with tears suffused, she fell upon
Her brother's breast; but he with deep emotion laid
The loved one on the faithful Frithjof's valiant heart,
And to the friend of youth, the warmly-loved, with joy
She gave, beside the altar Baldur's, now her hand.

A second edition has just been issued of Mr. C. T. Brooks's translation of Goethe's *Faust*. (Boston: Ticknor and Fields.)—It deserves the success it has found, for it is executed with something more than a knowledge of the German language—with a sympathy for the genius of the poet. It is the most true if not the most literal translation of "*Faust*" that has been attempted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pictures of Travel. Translated from the German of HENRY HEINE, by CHARLES G. LELAND. Philadelphia: John Weik. London: Trübner and Co.

THE grave has scarcely closed over Heinrich Heine, yet his name is already classical in Europe. Indeed Fame, more generous than is her wont, waited not for death to confer the crown upon him. The sweet songs, which thirty years ago were warbled in every German town by women and by children, have long been known to a wider class of readers. It is rare that during the life-time of an author his reputation extends far beyond his own country; and he may well be content, if he secure a small circle of listeners even there. Sterling merit alone can hope to attain the approval of "contemporaneous posterity," and before death to taste of immortality. Yet this has been the lot of Heine. Fortune, which had cabined his ardent genius in a frame racked by disease and pain, owed him some compensation. As he lay in his bed at Paris—"that tomb without rest, that death without the privileges of the dead"—he must have been consoled by the knowledge that his fame was established, and that the world would not willingly let it die. Some, in the extravagance of their admiration, have placed him on a level with Goethe and with Schiller. We need not stop to weigh them in the balance; for the merits of Heine are sufficiently various and peculiar to claim a place apart.

In the writings of no other foreigner shall we find so near an approximation to English humour. There are passages in his works that might have been written by Fielding or by Sterne. The episode of the young harp-girl at Trent might have formed a chapter in "*The Sentimental Journey*;" and the book entitled "*Ideas*" in the "*Reisebilder*," in style and composition, and even in the unworthy artifices of typography, might have found a place in "*Tristram Shandy*." This humorous power, which is so rare in Germany, and which in France, if we except De Maistre, is almost unknown, wins strangely on the English reader. But this is only one of his many charms. A style of singular simplicity, and yet wonderfully picturesque; a power of producing vivid portraiture by few and masterly touches; a genuine pathos; an irony, subtle and irresistible; these are the elements of his success. Too often, indeed, when he has enlisted our sympathies, does he seem to take a mad pleasure in destroying the illusion, and in turning the most serious emotions into ridicule. Yet, beneath the garb of motley, who can doubt the earnest love of justice, the righteous indignation which burns at the thought of oppression, the zeal and enthusiasm of the soldier of liberty?

The *Pictures of Travel* consist of several distinct parts: "*The Hartz Journey*," "*The North Sea*," "*Ideas*," "*Italy*," and "*London*." The prose descriptions are introduced, and occasionally relieved, by short collections of verse, which, in another shape, form part of the first and second volumes of his collected poems. It will be impossible to give even a summary of their varied contents; we shall therefore confine ourselves to a few extracts. The work is not so much a vehicle for description as for the reflections and opinions of the author. Indeed, a sentence, a word, is sufficient to set him wandering from one topic to another, till the starting-point is utterly lost sight of. In the third part of "*The North Sea*," written in the island of Norderney, he has occasion to remark that "entire races have not

unfrequently lived for ages, as equal in every particular, in thought and feeling, as these islanders." The idea is sufficient to remind him of the policy of the Roman Catholic Church; and once started, he only returns to Norderney after discussing Goethe, Sea Legends, the Metempsychosis, Hertha, pride of birth in Hanover, Napoleon at St. Helena, and Walter Scott. Yet these digressions are full of charm and interest. The pleasant by-paths and unexplored glades are fresh with vigorous emotion. We arrive at unexpected points of view; we make the acquaintance of beauties which we had hitherto ignored. Many glimpses of early life are thus incidentally presented to us: the gloomy cathedral cloister at Düsseldorf, where the young Heine "endured such a terrible amount of Latin, whipping, and geography;" the abdication of the Elector; the installation of "Duke Joachim;" and that memorable day when he first saw the Emperor:

He wore his invisible green uniform and the little world-renowned hat. He rode a white palfrey, which stepped with such a calm pride, so confidently, so nobly; had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia, I should have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, almost lazily, holding with one hand his rein, and with the other good-naturedly patting the neck of his horse. It was a sunny marble hand, a mighty hand—one of the pair which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and reduced to order the war of races,—and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble Greek and Roman busts; the traits were as nobly proportioned as in the antiques; and on that countenance was plainly written "Thou shalt have none other God but me." A smile, which warmed and tranquillised every heart, flitted over the lips; and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle, *et la Prusse n'existait plus*—those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing—those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire holy Roman realm would have danced.

There are many charming sketches in the "*Hasty Journey*," and in "*Italy*," but we must pass on to a subject of more immediate interest. In London, though he grasps the outward life of the people with sufficient vividness and accuracy, he falls into strange misapprehensions when he attempts to divine the inner life. It must be confessed that he seems to doubt his perfect capacity for the task he has undertaken, and, whilst in Germany or Italy he does not scruple to give his own thoughts frankly and without reserve, in England he too often has recourse to the opinions of others. That England is a vast treadmill; that the time is past which secured the personal liberty of the subject and opened a refuge to the fugitives from continental despotism; that the English aristocracy is gradually sinking; that Wellington was "but an ashen soul in a buckram body"—these and numberless similar ideas are the result of his experiences amongst us. It is true that in later years he modified his opinions, and somewhat relaxed his hatred, but there remained a strong leaven of prejudice to the last. Turning from his political and social views, to the pictures he has drawn of our material existence, we shall find much to admire and agree with. The following extract has been quoted more than once before, but we need scarcely apologise for reproducing it:

I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit. I have seen it, and am still astonished—and still there remains fixed in my memory the stone forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hatred. I mean London. Send a philosopher to London, but, for your life, no poet! Send a philosopher there, and set him at a corner of Cheapside, where he will learn more than from all the books of the last Leipzig fair; and as the billows of human life roar around him, so will a sea of new thoughts rise before him, and the Eternal Spirit, which moves upon the face of the waters, will breathe upon him; the most hidden secrets of social harmony will suddenly be revealed to him; he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly; for, if London is the right hand of the world—its active mighty right hand—then we may regard that route which leads from the Exchange to Downing-street as the world's pyloric artery. But never send a poet to London! This downright earnestness of all things, this colossal uniformity, this machine-like movement, this troubled spirit in pleasure itself, this exaggerated London, smothers the imagination and rends the heart. . . . But the picture, at which I was gazing as I stood at Cheapside corner, was that of the French crossing the Beresina. And when I, jolted out of my gazing, looked again on the raging street, where a parti-coloured coil of men, women and

children, horses, stage-coaches—and with them a funeral—whirled groaning and creaking along, it seemed to me as though all London were such a Berea bridge, where everyone presses on in mad haste to save his scrap of life; where the daring rider stamps down the poor pedestrian; where everyone who falls is lost for ever; where the best friends rush, without feeling, over each other's corpses; and where thousands, in the weakness of death, and bleeding, grasp in vain at the planks of the bridge, and are shot down into the icy grave of death.

We had marked one or two of the poems for quotation, but another reference to the original has changed our intention. The translations of Mr. Leland are certainly clever, and in many instances wonderfully exact. But it appears almost an act of sacrilege to give any translation of Heine's poetry as a specimen of the original. No translation will reproduce the effect of the prototype, any more than a cast of the Apollo will realise the emotion excited by the statue itself. Prose may perhaps be more successfully rendered than poetry. But the delicate shades of poetry—the magical effect which depends on the turn of a sentence or even on a single word—the musical rhythm of syllables and sound—these, and many other indescribable elements of poetic beauty must more or less evaporate in the transition from one language to another. This assertion, so generally true, is especially true of the poetry of Heine. It seems impossible to transmute his simple and nervous verses into a foreign tongue without destroying half the charm.

Heine sometimes affected to doubt his claim to the prize of poetry. He laid claim to a higher honour—the honour of having fought, and not without success, in the ranks of the great army of Freedom.

I really do not know (he says) whether I deserve that a laurel wreath be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me only a holy plaything, or a consecrated means whereby to attain a heavenly end. I have never attached much value to a poetical reputation, and I care little whether my songs are praised or found fault with. But ye may lay a sword on my coffin; for I was a brave soldier in the War of Freedom for mankind.

With this quotation, which may well serve for his epitaph, we must now draw to a conclusion. If we have spoken in somewhat hopeless terms of the perfectibility of verse translations, we must not be understood to depreciate Mr. Leland's attempt; we doubt, indeed, whether it would be possible, in many instances, to improve his version. In a note to "The North Sea," he speaks diffidently of the translation which he has given of the first two parts of that section of the "Pictures of Travel." His version would necessarily fall far short of the original; but it exhibits marvellous resources in exactitude, and in the fidelity with which the rhythm and even the pauses of the very irregular lines are observed. The prose part of the translation deserves high praise. The English is nervous and graphic; and, were it not for a few slips of grammar and unnecessary Americanisms, we should be disposed to approve without reserve.

Of Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease. By

SIR JOHN FORBES, M.D. London: Churchill. THE conclusion at which Sir John Forbes has arrived after a life devoted to the study and the practice of medicine is, that disease is cured not by art but by nature; that medicine is almost, if not altogether, worthless; and that all the most skilful physicians can do, without hazard of doing more harm than good, killing instead of curing, is to give nature fair play, by warding off the impediments to her action, which the prejudices, ignorances, and impatience of the patient and his friends so frequently throw in the way of that healing process which nature sets up, and from which she will not be diverted with impunity.

How the ignorance of the patient is shown Dr. Forbes states in the following propositions:

The following are a few of the many ways in which the ignorance of the public, in regard to several parts of medicine which they are competent to understand, influences injuriously the conduct of physicians:

1. Ignorance of the natural course and progress of diseases which are essentially slow and not to be altered by any artificial means, often leads the friends of the patient to be urgent with the medical attendant to employ more powerful measures, or at least to change the means used, to give more frequent or more powerful doses, &c. &c.

2. Ignorance of the power of nature to cure diseases, and an undue estimate of the power of medicines to do so, sometimes almost compel practitioners to prescribe remedies when they are either useless or injurious.

3. The same ignorance not seldom occasions dissatisfaction with, and loss of confidence in, those practitioners who, from conscientious motives, and on the justest grounds of art, refrain from having recourse to measures of undue activity, or from prescribing medicines unnecessarily; and leads to the countenance and employment of men who have obtained the reputation of greater activity and boldness, through their very ignorance of the true character and requirements of their art.

4. It is the same state of mind that leads the public generally to give ear to the most ridiculous promises of charlatans; also to run after the professors and practisers of doctrines utterly absurd and useless, as in the instance of homœopathy and mesmerism, or dangerous, except in the proper cases, as in the instance of hydropathy.

5. Finally, it is by the same ignorance of nature and her proceedings that often forces medical men to multiply their visits and their prescriptions, to an extent not simply unnecessary, but really injurious to the patient, as could be easily shown.

But he does not disclaim medicine altogether. It is useful sometimes. Its limits, however, are infinitely less than they are popularly accounted. Even in acute diseases, as inflammations, and suchlike, he thinks that the cure is more frequently the result of nature's efforts than of the doctor's skill or potions.

Among the numerous and manifold misconceptions respecting the natural history of diseases prevalent in the public mind, and, I may add, in the mind of professional men also, there is none greater than that which regards the termination of diseases, especially acute diseases. In the case of chronic diseases, and of slight diseases of all kinds, most persons are prepared to admit that a certain proportion of cases may end favourably—in other words, may terminate in health—when abandoned entirely to nature. In the case of severe diseases, however, more especially acute diseases, and most of all in inflammatory and febrile diseases, the predominant opinion is that, if left to nature, the great majority of cases would prove fatal, the recoveries witnessed being regarded as almost entirely the consequence of the interference of art. That such should be the opinion of non-professional persons is not at all surprising, when we consider what is the ordinary source of lay notions respecting diseases and their treatment. It may seem, however, somewhat strange that, with their opportunities of judging, such an opinion should be also that of the professors of the medical art. Yet that it is so, is not only to be inferred from the extreme reluctance universally evinced to trust the event of such cases to nature, but from the recorded opinions of practical authorities. And yet the facts of the case are entirely at variance with such a statement. Even in the instance of the most fatal of acute diseases, as in Asiatic cholera, plague, and yellow fever, we find a considerable proportion of the sick recover, under every variety of treatment, and alike under nominal as real treatment. The half, the third, or fourth part, of those attacked by such diseases, who recover, are, generally speaking, restored by the powers of nature alone. In less fatal diseases, as in ordinary inflammations of the viscera or membranes, as in inflammations of the lungs, liver, pleura, peritoneum, &c., whether left entirely to nature or treated by means incapable of controlling them in any way, we find a still larger proportion of cases terminating in recovery, more or less perfect. In the zymotic or poisonous eruptive fevers, as in smallpox, measles, scarlatina, &c., it is now universally admitted to be impossible to check their course; and all our most experienced and most enlightened practitioners agree that the terminations, whether favourable or unfavourable, are only very slightly modifiable by treatment; and yet we find a large proportion of such diseases always terminating in restoration or health.

But if this be true, a very much more serious question arises than whether medicine cures. If it does not do good, it must do harm. If it does not cure, does it not kill? If nature uses her own remedies, do we not defeat them by the application of our own nostrums? Even if there be a doubt as to the effect of medicine generally, or of any one medicine in particular, is there not the utmost danger of a mistake, and of positive mischief being inflicted instead of the benefit designed? And, if so, when we consult a physician who attempts anything beyond giving nature the rein, do we not hazard our lives, so that in the long run, perhaps, if there were no doctors at all, death would not be more frequent than now—the number killed by wrong treatment compensating for those cured by right treatment. However this may be, it is a striking fact, that all great physicians at the close of their careers have pronounced the same judgment—that all their experience has gone to disturb, if not to destroy, their faith in the power of medicine and the efficacy of art. Of course this does not extend to surgery, which is almost an unmixed boon to humanity.

We recommend this thoughtful and sugges-

tive book to the careful perusal of all who value health, and especially to those who habitually resort to medicine. They will be less ready to fly to pills and powders when they know the mischief these produce.

A Treatise on Fire and Thief Proof Depositories and Locks and Keys. By GEORGE PRICE. London: Simpkin and Co.

THE foundation of this ponderous volume was a lecture delivered by the author in Scotland and Ireland, and which was so much approved that he enlarged it by degrees, until it grew into a great book, beginning with the history of locks and keys, as disclosed by the antiques stored up in museums, tracing improvements down to the present time, when a Bramah and a Chubb challenge the world to pick their locks, and an American accepts the challenge and succeeds. All this curious matter is profusely illustrated with engravings, and for the benefit of lock-makers and sellers, Mr. Price has subjoined tables of the cost of construction, &c., as well as most minute instructions for the manufacture. To all who deal in locks and safes it will be a treasure. To the general reader there is a great deal that is curious, especially in the historical part.

The Elah. By Darweed. (London: Hardwicke.)—This title-page is to us unintelligible. The book it introduces is a collection of scraps of thought on all kinds of subjects in which we have looked in vain for anything like originality.

Contributions to an Amateur Magazine. By Richard Perry. (Booth.)—Should not have been reprinted. They were not worth collecting. They are essentially of the day, and should have been permitted to perish with the magazine for which they were written.

Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English, compiled by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A. 2 vols. (London: Bohn.)—Indefatigable Mr. Bohn has added to his other "libraries" a Philological Library. How valuable and acceptable it will be, the appearance in it of this curious dictionary gives assurance. Mr. Wright has collected with singular industry all our known provincialisms, and thrown them into alphabetical order, giving to each its meaning, and, wherever he could trace it, the origin of the word, and the authors, if any, who had used it. We have tried its accuracy with many of the provincialisms familiar to us, and have not found one wanting. It is an indispensable portion of every library of reference.

Consolations: or Leaves from the Tree of Life. By the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D. (London: A. Hall and Co.)—Another addition to the multitudinous works of the indefatigable Dr. Cumming. How he finds time to indite them, much less to think over their contents, is a mystery and a marvel. This has, however, no novelty. Common-place sentiments are clothed in easy and sometimes eloquent language, nothing more.

Australian Essays, on subjects Political, Moral, and Religious. By James Norton, Esq. (London: Longman and Co.)—A collection of Essays, addressed to our Australian colonies. The author's apology in the preface is the need that there is for "condensation of thought and language that tends to the aphoristic style." Having, as he supposes, attained that style, he writes a volume of essays on subjects supposed to be interesting to Australians, and prints it. We hope they will read it.

Le Muséum des Sciences et des Arts.—We have here a translation into French of Dr. Lardner's popular work. This is the first part that has appeared, and contains a portion only of the original work on the question of "The Planets, are they inhabited or not?" in which are discussed all the most approved arguments that bear upon the subject. The translation has been made by M. Ach. Genty, "avec l'autorisation et le concours de l'auteur," and it is published in London by Messrs. Walton and Maberly. The appearance of this translation must be taken as an indication of the estimation in which the work is held.

Handbook of the Court, Peerage, &c., for 1857 (King) very conveniently arranged. It gives all the Peerage and House of Commons, with the history of the Members, the numbers polled at the last election, number of electors, &c.

The Select Works of Dr. Chalmers. Vol. II. (Constable.)—This is a singularly cheap book. The volume contains the essay on Church and College Establishments; the Lectures on the Establishment and Extension of National Churches; and on the Parochial System.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Blackwood's Magazine for March is the pleasantest number we have read for a long time. It commences another of those admirable "Experiences of Clerical Life," the authorship of which we are inclined to assign to the pen that produced "Lady Lee's Widowhood." "The Athelings" is drawing to a close, and the interest is growing accordingly. The letter from a lighthouse is a shrewd commentary on passing events, and John Bull is taken to task for his inconsistencies with as much truth as humour.

The *Dublin Magazine* has a paper on clerical life in Scotland, well worth reading. "Life in Germany" is another very amusing article. "Boswell" is the theme of a contribution suggested by the publication of his letters. "The Castle of Dublin" is the first of a series of historical and legendary essays on that famous fortress.

The *National Magazine* excels in illustrations. Some of them are gems of art. It counts among its contributors many names of note in periodical literature.

Bentley's Miscellany for March continues Mr. Costello's "Millionaire of Mincing-lane." "By-ways of History" introduces us to a better acquaintance with Sir Edmundbury Godfrey; and a "Summer in the Sahara" is a pleasant bit of travelling reminiscence.

Knickerbocker, a New York magazine, has been always famous for its poetry, and the February num-

ber of it has many contributions of this class of more than average merit.

The third part of *Orr's Circle of the Industrial Arts* treats of iron, how it is procured, and its uses. It is marvellously cheap, and full of practical information.

The fourth part of *Routledge's Shakespeare*, edited by Mr. Staunton, contains the Comedy of Errors and Romeo and Juliet, illustrated lavishly by Gilbert.

The tenth part of the Library Edition of *Chambers's Life and Works of Burns* completes the handsomest edition of them yet issued.

The *British Controversialist* is a small magazine devoted to discussions on both sides of questions of passing interest. It has at least the merit of fairness.

The eighth part of the *Works of the Rev. T. M'Crie* contains his sermons.

The March number of the *Titan* records among its contributors Mr. T. K. Hervey, who opens it with a graceful essay entitled "A Happy New Year." A

"Dissertation on Snails" is an amusing as well as an instructive paper on natural history.

The *Crystal Palace Magazine* treats of many topics not properly within its sphere; but one half of it is devoted to "Inventions and Inventors," and this is appropriate to its name and birth-place. If for this only, it will deserve a large circulation.

The *Art Journal* for March gives us an engraving of Vandyke's "Queen Henrietta Maria," and another of Van der Heyden's "River Bank," both in the Royal collection. The articles illustrated with woodcuts are Mr. and Mrs. Hall's "Book of the Thames;" Price's "Locks and Keys;" Dresser's "Botany;" and "The Glass Court at Munich."

The 1st part of the *British Expedition to the Crimea*, by Mr. Russell, the *Times* commissioner (Routledge). It is to be a revised and in many parts re-written edition of the famous letters, turned into a continuous narrative, and illustrated by engravings.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

BOHEMIA has a rich and various literature; but the language in which it exists presents so many difficulties to the scholars of Western Europe, that it is all but unknown to them. We are obliged to make acquaintance with it through means of translations, and perhaps no one has done the reading public greater service in this direction than Joseph Wenzig of Prague, who writes in German. In his last year's report to the *Upper Royal School* of that city, he gave a second sketch of Thomas Stitny's works, as in the year before a sketch of his poem "Man and the Anzel." With his present work, *Kränze*, &c. ("Wreaths from the Garden of Bohemian Poetry"), Herr Wenzig completes his first, *Studien* ("Studies on Count Thomas von Stitná"), wherein he gave a list of the author's pieces, his biography according to Karl Jaromir Erben, a sketch of his person and character, and finally a view of his writings in their significance to history and language, and an estimate of their philosophical and religious worth. He says of the Bohemian language that it is "a brilliant testimony" of its peculiar fitness for expressing the result of philosophical investigations. The reader will find a greater treat prepared for him, however, in the *Kränze*. We have here extracts from Smil von Pardubic, from Kollar and Celakowski, twin stars among the modern poets of Bohemia. Many pieces of the latter have already been translated into German. Of the new ones in the present collection we select a few verses from a rather long poem entitled "Thy will be done!"

Not through idle flame and blazing
Doth the soul its strength attain;
Labour only, quiet and earnest,
Brings the Fatherland its gain.
If but one seed-corn each planted,
Wisely in the vacant soil,
Golden sheaves would soon reward us,
And our wastes would smile through toil.
He who only brags and trifles,
Chaff in a sieve to market bears,
Which the breath of time soon scatters,
And for fortune leaves him cares.
Whether made by choice of fortune
Ruling lord or serving man,
Each has a duty placed before him,
And each must bide by labour's plan.
Laggards and the idlers forfeit
All respect, and gather scorn;
Let each for his people bring forth
Blade of grass or ear of corn.
And if this he fairly cannot,
Let him go and take his share
With like others, and for future
Pilgrim feet a road prepare.

Kollar, who died in 1852, is known by a collection of more than six hundred sonnets; they now appear as the first wreath in Wenzig's garden of poetry, one flower from which we venture to pluck, a rhymeless sonnet:

Yea, what the sun is to the early day,
The moon to night, to mariner the star,
To bee the bloom, to trout the gushing stream,
To nightingale, of sweetest song, the grove,
And what to traveller the noon-day shade,
To lamb the pasture, to the eagle wing,
To mighty king the sceptre and the crown—
So is mine own beloved one to my heart.
And what the spring is 'mong the seasons all,
And what the pearl 'mong other precious gems,
And what the zephyr 'mong the other winds,
And what the rose among the other flowers,
And what the palm among the other trees—
Such 'mong the maidens is my own true love.

We must pass on in our usual hurried manner, or we would fain linger a little longer with Kollar and his sonnets—a species of composition not often to our mind, but one in his case made so seductive, and so to overflow with tenderness and a certain oriental voluptuousness of the chastest order, that we would gladly convey to the reader the pleasure we have experienced in their perusal.

We have now to notice a collection of pieces in a dialect almost as hard to be understood as the Bohemian. They belong to Switzerland: *Alemannisches Kinderlied*, &c. ("Alemannic Children-songs, &c. from the Swiss"). Grave men, amongst ourselves, have not thought it beneath their notice to publish our nursery rhymes, with learned notes, about Little Jack Horner, Margery Daw, and the wicked little Johnny Green, who put puss into the well, about Jack and Gill, Taffy the Welshman, and many other celebrities. This J. J. Weber has done for the nursery-rhymes of the Swiss of the Upper Rhine. Some are such as are sung by children at play: as, "Round about the mulberry-bush." Some are of the order which try the voluble powers of the tongue, as the well-known, "Round the rugged rocks the ragged rascals, &c." Some are riddles, as our own, "In between two woods, out between two waters" (i.e. a person who carries two pails of water). Some are in dog-Latin, which our cousins call *sauerkraut-Latin*, as our "Infir taris, inoak nonis, in mud eelis, in clay nonis." Some belong to the class "Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?" and some to bell-sounds, as "Turn again, Whittington!" Trifling as such compositions may appear at first sight, they are not without their value to the student of languages. We have only to regret that the editor has not supplied us with a fuller vocabulary. To the German many of the words are a puzzle, as much so as the "Shevild folk Calendar" is a puzzle to the pure Cockney. "O Bobbō, Basler-Böbbl, hesh Böbbl am Böbbo?" may be fun to a young Switzer in the Aargau, but death to one of the Berlin Academy. Then *sauerkraut-Latin* may be all very well in such instance as this: "Felix, pax filia! Veteris canonici! Musici?" which a young rogue going out to the plough translates to his fellow: "Felix, pack's Viehli a!" when the latter replies: "Vetter, es cha no nig zieh!" The joke would be lost in any form of translation. Children with us say: "Snail, snail, put forth your horn, 't will be a fair day 't the morn." The Swiss children are not so tender. They say:

Schnegg, schnegg, schlick aus,
Streck dini vier Hörner aus, &c.

threatening the snail, in case of disobedience, to cut off its head. The moral characteristics of a people may be gleaned even from a nursery rhyme. We thought that we were quite safe on the point of morals, until we were informed by a friend that the English have also the cruel rhyme:

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

The editor prefaces his collection of popular riddles with an inquiry into their age and species. At the close of his investigation he says:—"The merely witty riddle ceases to exist as soon as it is solved: some one has called it exploded gunpowder. But the worth of a Homeric riddle consists in its never growing old; the older it is

the better, and doubly true, for it contains that attractive representation of the present, which Goethe said of Schiller's riddles." What means this one?

Berg al' trib mi nid,
Berg ab rit mi nid,
Ebne Wege schon mi nid,
Und in Stal vergiss mi nid!

(Up hill drive me not, down hill ride me not, on even ground spare me not, and in the stall forget me not). A horse, to be sure! Then again:—

White as snow, green as grass, red as blood, and black as a hat.

What is that?—A cherry. Another:

E lange, lange Baum, &c.

A long, long tree, with two-and-fifty branches; each branch has a nest, in each nest are seven eggs, in each egg a bird, with four-and-twenty daughters.

Guess again!—The year. And now to another subject.

On the 26th of last November died the highly-gifted and genial Baron von Hammer-Purgstall. He was a man of restless activity in the pursuit of knowledge, travelling far and near, and mixing with people of different nations and of different stations of life, to inform his mind and gratify his desire for science and truth. His industry enabled him to become one of the first Orientalists of his age; and to him we are indebted for many translations from hidden sources of Eastern literature, which otherwise might have remained for ever hidden. We have to thank Hammer indeed for such a number of translations from Arabian, Persian, and Turkish historians and poets, and such a quantity of independent works, treatises, and poems, that one to make a catalogue of them, to name and describe them, would have to make a book of some bulk. He achieved a victory, and gained his knowledge at the price of great self-denial. "For it is not a small matter to wander in this wilderness of strange tongues and dialects," says a critical notice of his labours, "to make out the sense of a passage; to decipher manuscripts which have not only suffered through age, dust, and mildew, but which were originally written on paper so soiled as made it difficult to follow the deeds and fortunes of oriental people from their original, century after century; to soar to the bold heights of their poets and to find for their rich-rhyme verses approximate expressions in our comparatively speaking rhyme-poor language, for he never took the easy course of translating poetry into prose, but strove always to set forth to advantage the jewels of the garden of Eastern poetry." It has been charged against Hammer that he wrote more than his age could read and endure, and this perhaps is not to be denied. Such large and numerous volumes as the *History of Turkey* is laid down in, are enough to take one's breath away on beholding. Another fault charged against him was that he was too liberal, far too enlightened—a strange accusation. Ancient writers represent the opinions held by the Turks in the most odious light, depending upon passages in the Koran. In his writings Hammer does not support them; he does not go out of his way to refute the doctrines of the Moslem; he does not laud those of the Roman Catholic Church—and consequently was too liberal. Another objection has been brought against him. His tendencies

are too scientific and moral. "How rich the East is in pleasant erotic tales and poems! It is the proper home of romance and voluptuousness! Why must we ever have the moral from him, or the shouts of Tartar warriors, and have to read of the proud, murderous Suliman, his campaigns and exploits, till the hair stands on our heads?" We are called upon, in short, to blame Hammer-Purgstall for being moral. Finally it appears to be a great fault that he should place a value on human honour, and because he sings:

Mein Begehren ist nicht Gold,
Um des Nutzens mich zu freuen,
Sondern Ruhm und Ehrensold,
Der sich immer soll erneuen.

lines to be found on the title of Samachari's. "Golden Necklace." It is hard to blame the desire of attaining a good name, which is the proper meaning of fame, through honourable actions. Hammer-Purgstall is described as having been a man of genial disposition. He was born in 1774, and died, as already stated, in November last.

In cricketer-parlance, the Peninsular war had "long innings," in a literary point of view. It led to the production of as many leaded sheets as it led to the discharge of leaden bullets. All who were engaged in the fray had a memoir to write, a sketch to produce, a personal narrative to relate, a something to say for or against the Frenchman or the Spaniard; and all who could write had very much to say about themselves. A Peninsular-man, who could talk about Badajoz, Salamanca, or other place in the Spanish Gazetteer, had only to knock at a genteel door, to announce himself, and to be made one of the family instantly. He had been in many wars, and could show his wounds and scars, and talk of trenches, breaches, bombs, bastions, and storming parties till the blood of matrons ran chill, and the cheeks of young ladies felt all aglow. He taught the pure Gospel of war, and all the scions of a house panted for a standard and a chance of showing their prowess. So it is destined to be with the recent war. So we are destined to have bi-annually, or thereabouts, books on the Crimean war, for some years to come from writers on both sides the Channel. The English have produced their fair share of military volumes, and our Allies threaten to outnumber us in sheets as they outnumbered us in bayonets. There is a demand for literature of this kind, and assuredly the supply is great. The last contribution to war-like literature we have seen is an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, signed L. Baudens, who was sent out to the East by the French Government to report on the sanitary condition of the hospitals and army. *Une mission médicale à l'armée d'Orient* ("Medical mission to the army in the East"), is a quiet, self-contained article, which may be read with advantage by the military surgeon, and which may be commended to the attention of the red-tape and cartridge-paper authorities. First he presents us with the medical topography of the Crimea, and speaks, on the whole, favourably of the hospital arrangements of the English. He speaks of an hospital on the Dardanelles on the Asiatic coast. "The English have constructed an hospital, capable of containing three thousand patients. The site has been happily chosen, answering at once to the exigencies of hygiene and strategy. Further on we found two other hospitals, one English, could contain 300 patients; the other, French, 420." The second section treats of "Food." He praises ship-biscuits, which he considers more nutritious than the bread of the commissariat. "During the Crimean war, of seven distributions of bread, four were of biscuits. It is not easy to provide fresh bread for an army of 140,000 men, when flour, wood, ovens, &c., have to be brought from beyond the seas." Again—and it is pleasant to hear a Frenchman say a word in favour of beef—"The best of fresh meat is beef." Alone, it makes a good soup, and, according to a common saying, *la soupe fait le soldat*. Oxen arrived in the Crimea, not until long after long vicissitudes, and in such condition that they might have been designated the lean kine of Pharaoh. Had the quality been equal to the quantity, we could have raised the rations from 250 grammes to 300; but the bones were of enormous weight." A hint follows, useful to housewives who have to cook on a large scale: "I advised crushing all the hard parts which had already done service in the cooking-pot, and to boil them anew to extract the gelatine. This method, employed in the hospitals of Constanti-

nople, wonderfully improved the soup of the patients; it may be recommended as a regular prescription to regimental and hospital cooks. In France the bones are sold; but would it not be more profitable to keep them?" What saith the soldier to horse-flesh? "A great number of horses died in the winters of 1855 and 1856. Following the example of a distinguished *savant*, M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, I preached the use of horse-flesh; but made few conversions. Nevertheless, the horse is herbivorous, as the ox; no animal is fitter for food; he is washed and carried every day, and his flesh, if not so firm, is not less nutritious; it makes excellent soups. In Germany it is publicly sold by the butcher." The Doctor—such we take him to be—prefers fresh vegetables to preserved, and all along is loud in praise of soup, "the quality of which depends very much upon the cook." In his third section he discusses "Camps and Shelter." This is a most important portion of the article, and deserves attention. Here again we come in for our mead of praise. "The habits of propriety which distinguished the English army should be introduced into our camps. The English wash their body-linen in hot water, and have two changes a week. Our soldiers were far from taking the same care." But, lest we should trench too far into the province of the doctor or commissary-general, we here conclude. The reports of M. L. Baudens has already led to great reforms in the food and clothing of the French soldier; and he expresses a hope that medical men may in future have a voice in the disposition of camps, and in all sanitary arrangements affecting the health of the soldier.

Foreign Books recently published.

(Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.)

FRANCE.

- Balleudier, Alphonse.—*Veillées de famille*. Paris. 18mo.
Barbier, Advocate of the Parliament of Paris.—*Chronique de la régence et du règne de Louis XV.* 6 vols. Paris. 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.
Beauvoir, Roger de.—*Les Cufs de Pâques*. 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. 15s.
Breuille, l'Abbé.—*Mémoires historiques sur une partie de la Bourgogne*. Dijon. 12mo.
L'Oracle des dames, &c. (or the art of combatting the destinies of the future, wherein will be found resolved ninety-four questions concerning the most remarkable facts of life, with the opinions of the most celebrated physiologists). Paris. 12mo.
Landelle, G. de la.—*Le dernier des filibustiers*. 4 vols. Fontainebleau. 8vo. 30s.
Lavalley, Gaston.—*Nouvelles et comédies*. Paris. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Michel, Francisque.—*Histoire de la guerre de Navarre, en 1276 et 1277, par Guillaume Anelier de Toulouse*. &c. Paris. 4to. 12s.
Balzac, H. de.—*Scènes de la vie parisienne. Grands et misères des courtisanes*. Paris. 4to. 2s. — *Histoire des Treize*. Paris. 4to. 1s. 6d.
Gremmer, Mme. Jeanne.—*Moyens de prolonger et d'embellir l'existence*. Paris. 18mo.
Durolain, J.—*Le dernier des Corsaires, ou la vie d'Etienne Pellet Montvieux de Hendaye*. Bayonne. 18mo.
La Vallière, Mme. de.—*Les Confessions de Madame de la Vallière, écrites par elle-même et corrigées par Bossuet, &c.* par M. Romain Cornut. Paris. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Sue, Eugène.—*Paula Monti, ou l'Hotel Lambert*. Paris. 4to.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, March 14.
AMONG the numerous suicides of which Paris is now unfortunately the theatre—and which, it is lamentable to add, increase almost daily—that of a young literary man of singular promise has taken place within the last few weeks, under very lamentable circumstances. Of respectable family, who, though not wealthy, are in easy circumstances, he came up to town as a law-student, and, what with his allowance from his family, and the produce of his pen as a contributor to one of the literary journals, was enabled to live in comparatively handsome style. Young Mr. S.—unfortunately made the acquaintance this winter of Mme. T.—, a lady remarkable for her beauty and extremely fascinating manners. He became, in a short time, perfectly infatuated with her; and, though some few years older than himself (Mme. T.— is about 25, he being not quite of age), he pressed her very much to marry him, and, in fact, was so passionately attached to her, that he solemnly assured her that he would commit suicide if she refused to become his wife. Mme. T.— I should say, passed as a widow, but was in reality married, and living separately from her husband. There is another phase in her story which does not so well bear the light, namely, that, though moving in a very respectable sphere, and apparently leading a life of the most circumspect prudence, she was privately the mistress

of a nobleman of very high rank, whose age and character rendered their *liaison* wholly unsuspected, and who, in fact, passed as a near relative. It was almost impossible that she could, under these circumstances, explain to the unfortunate young man the nature of her position; but, from his despondency and the wildness of his manner at his last visit, fearing some sad catastrophe, on his leaving her hotel in a state of unwonted agitation, she wrote him a letter, candidly explaining her situation, and, after showing the utter impossibility of their union, appealed to his reason and good sense to conquer a passion which would, if continued, prevent her ever receiving him again. This letter, it seems, reached the lodgings of poor S. before he had returned, and was delivered to him by the porter on his arrival at home. The next morning, while Madame T. was at breakfast, her letter was brought back to her under cover; the address was in the handwriting of S., and at the bottom of the letter was the word "*Adieu!*" With a terrible foreboding of the truth, a messenger was dispatched to his lodgings, when, on entering his room, his body was found still seated on the chair where he had been writing to his family. A discharged pistol lay on the floor, the ball of which had passed through his heart, and was found in the body. It appears that, half an hour after the letter of Mme. T. had been delivered to him, he descended and returned it to the porter, under cover to her address, telling him to have it sent the next morning. He then returned to his room, and remained writing until a very late hour. No one in the house appears to have heard the report of the pistol. The letters to his family were examined by the police authorities, and left no doubt as to the cause of the unhappy young man's deplorable suicide. They are described as deeply affecting, and among the papers were found fragments, both in prose and verse, written in the delirium of his passion, which are said to equal anything published in the language. Mme. T., who seems to have acted with equal kindness, good sense, and generous consideration for poor S. throughout, quitted Paris for Italy the same day with her protector, much afflicted at the sad event of which she had been the cause. His papers have been left to a literary friend, who, with a degree of haste that says little for his feeling or his taste, has already announced them for publication. Some few verses that have found their way to the public are beautiful in the extreme, and quite justify all that has been said of the splendid talents of the unfortunate deceased. The book will make a sensation.

Your readers are already acquainted through your Paris correspondence with the fact of Alexandre Dumas having brought an action against M. Levy, Rue Vivienne, one of his many publishers, for publishing more editions of his works than the agreement between them entitled him to print. Damages were modestly laid by M. Dumas at 800,000 francs (32,000*l.* sterling.) To obtain that preposterous sum was out of the question, of course; but he has been lucky enough to obtain a verdict for about 6000*l.*, which verdict has just been confirmed by the Court of Appeal, before which the case was brought by the defendant for revision. Though so much beneath the damages demanded, the figure is considered high—Levy's editions being mere replications of works which had already seen the light in numberless forms. Dumas still writes, but has fallen off very much; at least, such is the opinion of everybody in Paris save one—the illustrious Alexander himself! The fact is, however, his later productions have been very indifferent; the mines of Monte Christo seem entirely exhausted.

The comedy of M. Dumas, *filz*, brought out at the Gymnase, "*La Question d'Argent*," does not keep altogether the promise made by his former dramas. He has taken a little view of a great subject, like his brother poet, M. Ponsard, in "*La Bourse*." Both subjects require master-hands to do them justice, and neither Ponsard nor Dumas, though clever writers, are that. Of the latter, however, there are hopes, notwithstanding his last *quasi* failure; but M. Ponsard's place is plainly marked out. Neither the wealth his plays produce him, nor the honours of the Institute, nor flattering letters from an Emperor, will ever raise him one inch above the quietest mediocrity. None of your "words that burn" ever disturb the unbroken level of his tranquil verse, which flows on with a sleepy monotony through scene after scene—

In leaden, dull repose,

Nor sicks, nor rises, nor expands, nor glows.

One is provoked to speak out thus plainly by the absurd praises lavished upon his *soi-disant* comedy of "*La Bourse*," which, considering the richness of the subject—i.e., the speculation mania of the day—the ruin it has carried into hundreds of families, the vulgar cits it has transformed into millionnaires, the horde of adventurers whom its influence has raised into opulence one day and left beggars the next—ought to form a good piece. These are surely materials which the hand of a true dramatist might have turned to account; but M. Ponsard, not being this, has not even seen that such elements of interest belonged to the subject, and has given us his poor, meagre, lifeless moral essay, in five acts, called "*La Bourse*."

It is stated that M. Ponsard's last two comedies, "*L'honneur et l'Argent*," and the production just

mentioned, have brought the author somewhere above 200,000 francs (8000*l.*) There is no better trade than that of a successful author in France; M. Scribe, the well-known writer, has amassed a very large fortune, and several other dramatists are wealthy, chiefly vaudevillists, who write for the minor theatres. The last successful piece at the Vandeville, "*Les faux Bonhommes*," which is still running, having been acted above one hundred nights, has brought the writer one thousand pounds in Paris; and as this lively satire is now performing at more than twenty theatres in various parts of the country every night, all of which must pay the writer a proportion of the receipts, established by law, you may form a fair idea of the value of a really successful piece to its author in France.

Weber's beautiful opera, "*Oberon*," the strain of the dying swan—for he composed it when labouring under the lingering disease of which he died during its run in London, where he expired—has been produced here, strange to say for the first time, though composed thirty years ago. The success has been immense. The *suave* and beautiful melodies with

which it abounds were received with transport; all the principal *morceaux* were encored; and the audience seemed desirous to have the whole opera repeated, had it been possible. There has been ever since a general chorus of eulogium for the magic beauty of the music, and of censure on the musical directors of the opera-houses in Paris, who have been producing second, third, and fourth-rate works, manufactured at home and abroad, while a treasure of this richness lay within reach, which they had not the taste to appreciate. There is too much in this charge; and the enthusiasm displayed by the public night after night in listening to "*Oberon*" plainly shows the blunder thus committed. Thanks are due to the judgment and spirit of the director for introducing this splendid work to his countrymen, which he has done at a vast expense for scenery, &c.; and the rehearsals of the music were conducted with a care and patience that would have satisfied even Meyerbeer himself. All this is very creditable to the director, M. Carvalho, who, if justice were done him, should be immediately appointed to the Opera Comique or the Grand Opera, to both of which this gentleman's

spirit of musical enterprise and research would be of infinite service. There is some talk of "*Oberon*" being now brought out at the Grand Opera. What a satire on its own management! The introduction of "*Oberon*," I should mention, took place at the Lyrique, a kind of minor opera-house.

The Opera (French) is doing, or seems to be doing, well—an extraordinary fact. For an opera-house without a single first-rate tenor to get on at all is something marvellous. The new ballet, "*Marco Spada*," which was announced as ready for representation last week at this theatre, is now stated to be delayed for *two months*, some changes being required to meet the exigencies of the principal dancers, Milles, Rosate and Ferraris!

We have lost the charming little Piccolomini, who has gone to Italy for a few weeks' entire repose, to prepare for a new campaign at Her Majesty's Theatre. Her last nights were complete ovations. Great efforts are making in Turin to prevail on her to sing three nights in "*La Traviata*," which she finds difficult to refuse, from the favours she had received at the hands of her admirers in that city.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

IN the report of the Scottish Meteorological Society for the last quarter of 1856, just made up, the summary of the weather shows that the quarter was very variable, particularly during the latter half, attended with extreme fluctuations of atmospheric pressure and temperature. There was a general deficiency of sunshine, a large amount of humidity, and snowstorms, accompanied by intense frosts, occurred at a very early period. In October, the barometric pressure was high, presenting a mean of 30.084 inches at the sea level at 32 F^{ah}, with a mean range of 1.07 inches. The mean temperature was 48.8°. The highest temperature noted was 67.9° on the 22nd, at Edinburgh. The lowest, 25°, at Braemar on the 8th, and at Thurlstone on the 31st. But little rain fell, the mean depth being only 1.43 inches, or about half the average fall. Snow fell on the 5th; lightning was seen on three days, and thunder heard on two days. Auroras were seen on five days; and falling stars at Braemar on the 31st. In November there were two snowstorms; the first partial and short, the other general over Scotland, both preceded by low barometric pressure; and both also setting in with the wind from the N. or N.W. The barometric pressure was high, averaging 30.002 inches, the mean range being 1.033 inches. The mean temperature of the month was 39.7°; the highest temperature was 62° on the second, and the lowest 9° on the 29th. Westerly winds blew on 15 days, easterly on 5, and due north winds on 6 days. The mean depth of rain was 2.12 inches, being about the average; in a few localities the fall was excessive; lightning was seen 5 days, aurora on 1 day, and falling stars on 3 days. In December the weather was very variable, the month commencing with severe frosts and heavy fall of snow; on the 6th the wind veered to the south-west, high winds and rain setting in; the temperature rose to 48° and even to 50°, terminating on the 10th in a violent gale of wind; the temperature then fell to the average of the month, but again rose to 48° on the 21st, keen frosts succeeding for a few days; but the temperature on the 31st rose to 45°. The barometric pressure was 29.628 inches, the range being 1.636 inches. The mean temperature of the month was 37.9°; the highest temperature was 57°, the lowest was at Braemar, on the 3rd, being then below zero; north winds blew on 5 days, north-west 4, south-west 8, and west 6; the mean depth of water was 4.09 inches. A solar halo and two mock suns were seen at Aberdeen on the 2nd. Brilliant meteors were seen on the 20th and 28th, and falling stars on the 31st. Loud thunder was heard at Dumfries during the gale of the 10th.

Professor Ansted gave a description of some remarkable mineral veins, at the Geological Society and first of the San Fernando copper lodes, Cuba. The district in which these lodes are found consists of granites and syenites, passing into porphyritic rocks, and partly covered with calcareous conglomerate and limestone. The granites are affected by systems of joints which heave each other, and by veins of felspar occasionally containing silver. The mineral fields occur in calcareous porphyries, passing into true porphyries and into conglomerates. The upper lodes, which range east and west, occur in the altered porphyries, and consist of two groups, which have been traced about a mile; the width of the lode reaching 50 feet, and the width of the mineral field half a mile. The underlie is small. About 10,000 tons of copper ore have been taken from the principal lode. The second vein described was the Sykesville copper lode, Baltimore, U. S. The country here consists of metamorphic rock; there are granites,

gneiss, mica slate, with magnesian rocks on the lodes, which are nearly vertical, ranging parallel to the country, but dipping in the opposite direction. The veins at the top contain much magnetic oxide of iron, but below ten fathoms this changes to pyrites, succeeded and accompanied by copper pyrites. In all the lodes the gossan had the tendency to pass into magnetic iron ore. The third vein was the Ducktown copper lode, in East Tennessee, U. S. In the south-eastern corner of Tennessee there are a number of lodes, strongly indicated by a rich gossan, and yielding a peculiar and rich black ore, which has attracted much attention from American geologists. The "country" consists of altered Silurian schists alternating with grits, all striking parallel to the mountain range, and dipping south-east at a high angle. The talcose schists pass into garnet schists and become steatitic; they are accompanied by numerous strings of quartz, not true veins, the width of which varies from a few inches to 10 or 18 feet, and which occasionally show a gossan, either of hydrous or magnetic oxide of iron, with spongy quartz. Besides the quartz strings, there are four gossan beds of large size, but well-defined limits; the inclosing rocks are talcose and steatitic, and contain cyanite, epidote, and garnets. These gossan lodes, namely, the Tennessee, the Hiwassee, the Polk County, and the Isabella, are of considerable length and width; and wherever they have been sunk through, masses of black ore, highly cupriferous, have been found. At a small depth below the black ore is hard quartzose vein stone spotted with copper ore. This ore, as assayed, consists of sulphur, 29.47; copper, 26.73; iron, 6.04; quartz, 8.6; oxygen and loss, 9.16. The yield, on an average of six samples, is 26.2 per cent. of copper. On comparing these lodes with others, the points of resemblance are: 1, they have distinct parallel walls, and their range is independent of that of the "country;" 2, they contain veinstone and show gossan; 3, they are limited in length and breadth, but apparently unlimited in depth; 4, they are parallel veins and branches; 5, they are inclined at a high angle. The points of difference are: 1, they are generally parallel to the bedding of the inclosing schists; 2, they agree with the "country" in dip as well as in strike; 3, they contain within their walls portions of the "country" unaltered; 4, they present a mass of rich black copper ore between the gossan and veinstone distinct from either, and mechanically separated; 5, the width and depth of the ore appear to bear some relation to the form of the surface. Analogous deposits are believed to occur in Virginia.

The Wollaston Palladium Medal has been awarded to M. Joachim Barrande, of Prague, member of the Geological Society of France, and foreign member of the English Geological Society, for his eminent services in developing the history of the lower palaeozoic rocks, and for his great work the "*Système Silurien de la Bohême*." And the balance of the proceeds of the Wollaston donation fund has been awarded to Mr. S. P. Woodward, for his "*Manual of the Mollusca*," and to assist him in the preparation of a similar work on the Radiata.

With reference to the theory of slaty cleavage and the structure of glacier ice, Professor Tyndal stated, at the Royal Institution, that the case stood thus: "The testimony of independent observers proves that both ice and slate are laminated at right angles to the direction of pressure; and the question occurs, is the pressure sufficient to produce the lamination? Experiment replies in the affirmative. I have reduced slate rock to an almost impalpable powder, and reproduced from it the lamination by pressure. And experiments have proved the sufficiency of the pressure to produce the cleaved structure of the glacier

ice; by combining the conditions of nature, we have produced her results."

In a paper recently read at the Zoological Society, "On the Skull of a *Manatus* from Western Africa," it was stated that, until lately, but two species of the somewhat scarce genus *Manatus* had been acknowledged by naturalists—viz. the *Manatus Australis* and the *Senegalensis*—the former inhabiting the north-eastern coast of America and the West Indies, and the latter the tropical portions of the West coast of Africa. Another species was mentioned as being found on the coast of Peru; but of this little or nothing was known. Individual specimens had been met with along our own shores, but rarely. The skull of the *M. Australis* was different from that of *M. Senegalensis*, being larger, with a longer nasal opening, and more elongated intermaxillary bones. The lower jaw also is less massive and angular, and the inferior margin less curved. The skull of the *M. Senegalensis* was more compact, the snout shorter, the lower jaw more angular, with the lower border more curved, and the zygomatic process of the temporal less elevated. Dr. Baikie obtained a nearly complete specimen of a skull in his visit to the Kwara in 1854. Professor Owen proposed to call this the *M. Vogeli*. Dr. Barth also, during his journeys in Central Africa, had met with a specimen in 1855 in the upper part of the Binue or Tzadda River. Mr. Tegetmeier exhibited a portion of the collection of Asiatic poultry skins entrusted to him by Mr. C. Darwin, with the view of illustrating the variations which take place in the domestic fowl. The collection contained some curious birds from Persia, India, and Singapore.

Some further information respecting the geography of Central Africa has been communicated to the Royal Geographical Society. With reference to the river Zinconi, the outlet of which was on the north-west of the African continent, but the source of which was at present unknown, so great was the body of water flowing from its mouth that it discolours the sea to a distance of 800 miles. Dr. Livingston stated that in the course of his travels he had seen several large rivers flowing in a northerly direction, and which the natives told him tended afterwards to the west. These rivers he thought were affluent of the Zinconi. Referring to the Zambesi, Dr. Livingston stated that the principal object to which the remainder of his life would be devoted would be the opening the course of this river to European commerce. The whole course of the river as far as Tete is navigable for vessels of light burden, and if the rapids there were passed, there would be a further navigation of two hundred miles. Elephants' tusks are in abundance, the natives at present employing them chiefly to ornament the tombs of their fathers. This trade, if encouraged, might be very much increased. It appears that up to 31st December last year, 16,047*lb.* of ivory were exported from the Bights of Benin alone; but this did not represent the actual quantity, a great deal being smuggled on board on account of the high duty. Among the valuable products of the interior might be mentioned indigo, which grows wild along the whole course of the Zambesi, and was already used as a dye by the natives. And although there is no harbour at the mouth of the river, there is no difficulty in entering the river, and ships would there be protected from the monsoons, and if a profitable trade could be established with the interior, there could be no doubt but that the slave-trade would be abolished.

In a paper read at the Institution of Civil Engineers by Mr. R. Armstrong, "On high-speed steam navigation, and on the relative efficiency of the screw propeller and paddle-wheels," it was argued that, in calculating the velocity of steam-ships, the performances of the machinery ought to be separated

from the question of the form of the vessel. The rate of sailing between two vessels with an equal moving power did not depend on the form of water-line, but entirely on the area of the greatest section to the line of motion; displacement in the line of direction did not materially add to the resistance. Where great speed had been obtained, it was always with a proportionately small midship section, augmented length, and increased steam-power, this propelling power being as the square of the velocity, and not as the cube, which was the prevailing opinion. The length of the vessel was the most important element in attaining high speeds, the midship section being the sole basis for calculations of velocity; and when this was received, the best form of water-line would soon be decided, and the stability and other requisite conditions of construction would be established. As to the relative efficiency of the screw-propeller and the paddle-wheels when applied to vessels of identical form, tonnage, and steam-power, and without sails, in trials between the screw-steamer *Himalaya* and the paddle-wheel steamer *Atrato*, it resulted that the engines of the *Himalaya* were twenty per cent. more efficient than those of the *Atrato*; the consumption of coals was fourteen per cent. less; the displacement carried bore about the same per-centage; and the efficiency for speed was that the paddle-wheel was seventeen per cent. less than the screw-propeller.

QUERIES AND NOTES.

EVERYBODY knows the story of the little old woman who swept her floor and found a silver sixpence, and how with the sixpence she bought a pig or kid, which would not get over a stile until she called in the aid of dog, cudgel, fire, water, ox, &c. I have found a Holstein or Schleswig version of this nursery tale, and should feel obliged if any of your readers can direct me to a similar one, obtaining in any country of Europe. I shall abridge as much as possible, to save your space, in translating the adventure of *Hänchen und Hühnchen* (Cockie and Hennie):—

Henk and Huank went out into a field.
Henk found a salt-corn,
And Huank a malt-corn.
The wort was ready, and Henk was thirsty.
Says Henk to Huank: "Can I get a drop?"
"Indeed," said Huank, "if you don't fall into the tub."
But Henk was greedy,
And fell into the tub, standing on one leg.
Huank ran to the man, and said,
"Man, won't you help Henk?
Henk has fallen into the tub,
And stands on one leg."
"No," said the man.
Huank ran to the dog, and said,
"Dog, will you bite the man?"
The man won't help Henk,
Henk has fallen into the tub,
And stands on one leg.
"No," said the dog.

To abridge: Huank ran to the cudgel to beat the dog, and to the fire to burn the stick, and to the water to quench the fire, and to the ox to drink the water, and to the butcher to fells the ox, and to the rope to hang the butcher, and to the mouse to gnaw the rope, and finally to the cat to kill the mouse.
"Wait a bit," said the cat, "until I have sharpened my claws."

Then the cat ran after the mouse,
And the mouse began to gnaw the rope,
And the butcher began to slay the ox,
And the ox began to drink the water,
And the water began to quench the fire,
And the fire began to burn the stick,
And the stick began to beat the dog,
And the dog began to bite the man,
And the man hastened (ne Heiler en
Höken besetten)
To help Henk out of the tub,
Where she stood on one leg.

K. J.

ART AND ARTISTS.

M. DUBUFE'S PICTURES.

THE Peace Conference was, of course, an event not to go by uncommemorated. Formerly the poet might have been called in action to celebrate such an event; at another period of the world a statue, a column, nay, even an entire temple, might have been deemed the fashionable plan; but in our own days canvases is the medium in vogue, and the province of historical commemoration is almost monopolised by the painter. Accordingly, the fifteen personages whom Europe deputed to go through the ceremony of peace-making have been transferred by the faithful pencil of M. E. Dubufe to canvases, and, barring fires and accidents, the memory of their visages is good for three hundred years. Lord Clarendon has received full justice at the artist's hands; among many good, it is perhaps the finest portrait. That of the French minister Walewski is also exceedingly well characterised. The Russian, in his ugly military dress, looks a trifle stiff and awkward. The modern costumes of ceremony are by no means so ornamental and picturesque as those of the principal European nations some centuries ago. In old Vanderhelst's unrivalled portrait-

picture at Amsterdam, the costume of the old burghers adds a charm. Nowadays the artist has to contend against the disadvantageous effect of meagre outlines and subdued colours. The difficulties of the work have been admirably overcome by M. Dubufe, who has produced a dignified and effective group. The picture is the property of the French Emperor, and is viewable at Messrs. Leggatt's Gallery, Cornhill. M. Dubufe's likeness of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, also in Messrs. Leggatt's Gallery, is a masterpiece of modern portraiture. Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has herself added the portrait of a shaggy red short-horned steer to the picture.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. WOOLNER has completed a marble bust of the Poet Tennyson, which is shortly to be on exhibition at Messrs. Dickinson's.—The commission for the portrait to be painted of the munificent friend of the Liverpool Free Library, Mr. Brown, M.P., has been entrusted to Sir Watson Gordon. The choice of the sculptor for the statue was not decided when we last heard, but lay, we believe, between Messrs. Foley, Marshal, and Macdowell.—The subject selected by the Council of the Royal Academy for the gold medal competition this year, both in painting and sculpture, is "The Good Samaritan."—A bust of Dr. Buckland is to be placed in the new museum at Oxford, in connection with the geological collection bequeathed by him to the University. The subscription is limited to one guinea, and the list includes many distinguished names in science.—The Artists' and Amateurs' second meeting was held at Willis's Rooms on Thursday evening, and was fully attended. There was a good show of paintings, drawings, and photographs.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has appointed Mr. George Scharf, jun., to the post of permanent Secretary to the National Portrait Commission, under the presidency of Lord Stanhope. As Mr. Scharf's engagements in preparing the collection of ancient pictures at Manchester will occupy him until the beginning of May, Mr. William Carpenter, jun., has undertaken to discharge the duties up to that period.—The total expenditure incurred in the purchase of the Kruger collection of (64) early German pictures for the National Gallery amounts to 2800*l.*, and the expenses of transmission to 116*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* Seventeen pictures were placed in the Gallery in October 1854. Last month a certain portion of the collection was sold at Christie and Manson's, including thirty-seven pictures; the sale realised 249*l.* 8*s.*—It has been resolved that, owing to the success of the first exhibition of this association in Edinburgh, the second shall also be held in that city at the close of the present year. Already about 3700 or 4000 subscribers have been enrolled in the art-union department, and the committees are engaged in the purchase of prizes to be distributed at the first annual ballot to be made in June next. A prize of 20*l.* has been offered for the best model of a useful and ornamental article to be produced at moderate cost for distribution among the subscribers.—Manchester has obtained from the Marquis of Hertford a promise of thirty-seven of his choicest pictures, a gallery, an exhibition in itself. Among those already selected are, "The Strawberry Girl;" Rubens's "Rainbow Landscape;" the "Nelly O'Brien" of Reynolds; Murillo's fine pictures from John Cave, of Bristol; Poussin's "Time and the Hours Dancing;" Rubens's "Holy Family;" some superb works of Vandyck and Velasquez; a grand Watteau; a Greuze; and a lovely cattle-piece; a "Migration of Jacob," by A. Vandervelde; and a superb Rembrandt from Stowe.—The "Musée du Louvre" at Paris has purchased the collection of original drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, brought together by the late Signor Vallardi, of Milan, for the sum of 85,000 francs.—A bronze statue of Gay-Lussac, the natural philosopher, will be erected in Paris at the expense of his family.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Duetto, Aria Andante and Rondo Brillante, for two Performers on the Piano-forte. Composed and dedicated to Dr. William Sterndale Bennett, by ALFRED B. BURRINGTON. London: Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.
Music is so generally written for every reason but the right one, that noticing compositions becomes sometimes a wearisome task. Some write from mere facility of stringing together a set of musical phrases, and we have then what answers to the nonsense verses of schoolboys. Others think it right to show that they can write learnedly; these are usually very severe trials for the nerves, for music then takes the form of a succession of chromatic shocks. Again, others who teach imagine writing a necessity as a stepping-stone to business; hence our shelves are made receptacles for mere musical lumber. It is therefore with no ordinary pleasure that we have here one who writes because he has music in him. If we might judge from a single composition, this duet affords ample proof that Mr. Burrington is really a musician, and has a fountain within himself of melody, combined also with a knowledge

of his art, which enables him to clothe his ideas in the most agreeable forms. Taking this duet before us as an example: the air in E minor ushered in by a few introductory bars is both plaintive and expressive, leading into the rondo, which is characterised by a lively original subject in the major key. This subject is worked out with fine effect throughout; there is not a trace of imitation. Mr. Burrington is entirely original, and proclaims at once his own style. A modulation in G minor is introduced with full and rich effect, showing that it flows from true musical feeling, and is not resorted to spasmodically from the necessity of a change, the bane of ordinary writers. After revelling in charming and flowing music, displaying artistic skill, yet simple without effort, a pause reveals most unexpectedly and with exquisite effect the subject of a strict fugue, which is only carried through a few bars, when it breaks again into an assimilation with the original motive, and then proceeds shortly to the close, perhaps a little too abruptly. Some might think that, having begun the fugue subject, it ought to have been worked out more before the close; and we rather lean to this opinion, thinking that, with the evident capabilities Mr. Burrington possesses, the fugue might have been advantageously carried out, even at the tremendous hazard of increasing the length—a point which we cannot but think from the manner has here weighed with the composer; for the close, as it is, is certainly abrupt. Mr. Burrington, from the specimen before us, is evidently far above our ordinary musical writers. There is an originality of thought and design that stamps him at once as a real musician, and not a mere writer of music. Mr. Burrington never strains to produce a sensation; the modulations flow naturally from the treatment of the subject, which, from the infusion of ever-varying and pleasing effects, never flags. It is really refreshing to be thus able to mete out our measure of approbation to one who soon will not even need such a medium of recognition of his talent. At all events, we have in the duet before us, an earnest of the musical powers of Mr. Burrington, and hail his appearance as an indication that the country possesses musical talent which only requires the fostering care of public approval and appreciation.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

The Handel Festival at Sydenham is fixed to take place on the 15th, 17th, and 19th of June, with a preliminary full rehearsal on the 13th. The oratorios selected are "The Messiah," "Judas," and "Israel."—An announcement appears in the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris that Mr. Mitchell intends to re-open the St. James's Theatre after Easter for French Plays. An advertisement of a sale of the property has been published in the London papers.—On Wednesday week Sir William Don, Bart., appeared as an actor at the Marylebone Theatre. He is an ex-officer in the 5th Dragoons, and of the staff of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The part chosen was Nicol Jarvie in "Rob Roy."—Difficulties have arisen in the shape of "renters' privileges," preventing the convenient arrangement of Drury Lane Theatre, which will take the Royal Italian Opera this year again to the Lyceum.—It was stated in the *Times* of Monday, that the agreement between Mr. Gye and the Duke of Bedford was signed last week; in pursuance of which the rebuilding of the Royal Italian Opera House on its old site will be commenced forthwith. The Duke of Bedford has leased to Mr. Gye, for ninety years, not only the ground on which Covent Garden Theatre stood, but also that which is covered by the Piazza Hotel, together with other tenements in the rear, extending into Hart-street. . . . The area of the theatre will be considerably larger than previously, comprising an inclosure of 240 feet by 100. The roof is to constitute a span of 100 feet, without any intermediate supports, so that the scenery and stage appurtenances may be removed at the shortest notice, and the whole interior converted into a vast concert-room. The building is to be entirely fireproof. . . . Although the space to be occupied by the theatre is necessarily large, it will not include the whole of the ground comprehended in the lease. It is intended to devote the remaining portion to a flower-market, 80 feet in diameter and 250 feet in length.—The *Morning Post* announces that the familiar "Fra Diavolo" has been retouched by M. Auber and enriched with a new aria and a new finale, at the instance of Mr. Gye, to form part of the repertory of his coming season; and that "Zampa" is likewise to be produced at Drury Lane.—A new Russian opera, "Gräntovoi," by M. Werstowski, the director of the theatre of Moscow, was produced there early last month—it is said with entire success.

LITERARY NEWS.

Mr. Charles Dickens's works, complete, and translated into French under the author's superintendence, are now in course of publication, in a uniform series, by Messrs. Hachette, of Paris. Nicholas Nickleby forms the first volume.—A circular has been issued by the solicitors to the assignees of Mr. Edwin Bald-

win, announcing that his copyrights of the *Morning Herald*, *Standard*, and *St. James's Chronicle* newspapers are for sale, and that they are ready to receive tenders for their purchase, either together or separately.—M. Milne Edwards, of Paris, has completed the first volume of "Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie Comparée de l'Homme et des Animaux."—The German papers report that Dr. David Strauss (author of the "Life of Jesus") is about to write a biography of Ulrich von Hutten, the knight-poet and champion of the Reformation.

Mr. Carlyle has been appointed trustee to the proposed gallery of national portraits, in the room of the late Lord Ellesmere.—Dean Trench delivered a lecture at Farnham, on the 13th instant, "On Chaucer and his Times."—The Rev. J. R. Major, M.A., of King's College, London, late Secretary of the Photographic Society, and editor of this society's journal, has been appointed to the Head Mastership of the grammar school at Theford, Norfolk.—The Rev. H. Alford, of Quebec Chapel, has been appointed Dean of Canterbury. Besides his theological and professional writings, Mr. Alford has a place in literature as the author of a work on the Poets of ancient Greece.—The Fothergillian gold medal has been awarded by the Medical Society of London to Mr. Edwin Canton, F.R.C.S., for his essay "On the Diseases of the Spine, their Pathology and Treatment."—The renowned Arctic voyager and scientific inquirer, Dr. Scoresby, is lying seriously ill at Torquay.—We hear from Havana that Dr. E. K. Kane, the distinguished Arctic traveller, was at the point of death.—Alexander Von Humboldt has had a very severe attack of illness. Having returned home at a late hour from a court ball, and having retired to rest, he was obliged to get up in the night, and fell partially paralysed on one side. He is now almost completely restored to his usual health.

The anniversary festival of the Royal Literary Fund will be presided over this year by Earl Granville.—Last week a fine collection of Commonwealth tracts was dispersed by the Messrs. Foster, of Pall-mall, at high prices. A collection of newspapers during the civil wars and Commonwealth, in five volumes, brought 57l. 6s.—In consequence of the recent financial discussions we understand that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has declined to accept the offer of the gentleman who purchased the Soules collection with the view of securing it for the country.—A Roman fibula, of the lyre shape, richly ornamented and gilt, the material being iron, but the pin of bronze, was found in the Orchard-field, Malton, during the excavations in that locality for the Malton and Thirsk Railway. It is very similar to the figure No. 1, p. 327, in Wright's *Celtic, Roman, and Saxon*. A Saxon sword, about 18 inches in length, in every respect like the figure No. 5, p. 404, in Mr. Wright's work, was discovered recently in a barrow on Acklam-wold, Yorkshire, along with other sepulchral remains. It is of iron, has a fine point, with sharp edge and blunt back. The handle is wanting. Both these curiosities are in the possession of Mr. George Pycock, of Malton.—On Saturday last was sold at the auction rooms of Messrs. Forster, an extraordinary collection of tracts, formed during the civil war from 1640 to 1670, all being in exceedingly fine condition. Lot 98. *Gordyner's Description of the New World, or America*, 12mo. 1651; 6d. 10s. Lot 105. Butler's *Hudibras*, by Grey—large paper, a fine copy; 11l. 10s. Lot 106. *Breviarum secundum Usam Sarum*, printed on vellum, Paris, in 1499; 46l. Lot 108. *Fischer's Treatise concerning the Fruitful Sayings of David the King*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1525; 15l. Lot 116. *The Psalter in English Metre*, 1549; 30l. 9s. Lots 117 to 123. A collection of newspapers during the civil wars and Commonwealth, brought 57l. 8s. Lot 126. Three vols. of tracts, containing 280, relating to the government and history of Ireland, from 1641 to 1655; 34l. Lot 127. Three vols., containing 276 tracts, several relating to America; 39l.; purchased for America. Lot 128. 328 tracts, in five vols.; 21l. 10s. Lot 130. 283 tracts, in two vols.; 20l. Lot 132. 321 tracts, in four vols.; 21l. Lot 133. Tracts relating principally to Sir Thomas Fairfax, 2 vols.; 16l. 10s. Lot 135. 277 tracts; 27l. 10s. Lot 145. Poems and catalogues, a collection of 51 tracts; 30l. Lot 147. Prophecies, wonders, witches, &c., 78 tracts, a singularly curious volume; 38l. Lot 152. Plantagenet's *Description of New Albion*, 4to., 1650; 10 guineas. Lot 151. Hammond's *Leak and Rachel, or the Two Fruitful Sisters of Virginia and Maryland*, 1656; 7l. 15s. Lot 153. Williams's *Virgo Triumphans, or Virginia richly and truly valued*, 1660; 11 guineas; the 77 lots realising 670l.—The Prussian government has determined on establishing a National Museum at Berlin, and has charged a commissioner to make the necessary arrangements.—At the last meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Jules Remy announced that, accompanied by Mr. Breuchley, he had ascended Chimborazo on the 3rd of last November. M. Remy states that he attained the height of 6543 metres, which is 13 metres above the height of Chimborazo as estimated trigonometrically by Humboldt.—M. Salles, *archibuteur* to the Emperor Napoleon, has invented a post-office automaton, which takes up every letter as it is thrown into the box, places it under the stamp, where it receives the postmark and date, and throws it out again for delivery to its destination.

The process indicates the number of letters thus stamped. It is said that no less than 200 letters may be stamped by this machine in one minute. The General Post-office has made a trial of the invention, which has turned out satisfactory, and it is now in treaty with M. Salles for machines to be furnished to all the principal post-offices throughout France. The illegibility of postmarks, so often complained of, will, it is said, be completely obviated by the use of the automaton.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

PRINCESS'S.—*King Richard the Second*, by Shakspeare. ANOTHER brilliant success for the prosperous management of the Princess's; another bright gem in that Shaksperian diadem which Mr. Charles Kean has been for years fabricating with a patient and a skilful hand. And there is this that is praiseworthy and noticeable in Mr. Kean's success: that he does not gather it in paths frequented by common men. He prefers to seek it in those dangerous and difficult places where less skilful managers would get nothing but disappointment. To succeed in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was to do what many had done before; but to bring upon the stage the piece which of all others offers the finest possible opportunities for scenic display—to select a drama which, however beautiful in diction, is certainly dramatically dull—was, indeed, a venturesome act.

For *Richard the Second* is not a pleasant piece. The King is not a pleasant king. On the contrary, he displays kingcraft in its most unlovely phase—as a superstition which makes a king believe that he is a demigod, and that this fair world is made for no better purpose than to administer to his royal will and pleasure. Nor is Bolingbroke a very admirable hero. He is ambitious for himself, under pretence of doing good to the country. He is insincere, a hypocrite, and a liar to the last. He cheats the poor King by preserving a semblance of respect at the very moment when he wrings his soul with the deepest and most irremediable injuries. The plot also lacks interest through the utter absence of female character; for the sketchy outline of a weeping queen who, like a pale shadow, glides at fitful intervals upon the scene and presently glides off again, cannot be considered as a woman. There is no one character in the whole story, from the beginning to the end, that we can either love or honour, except, perhaps, old John of Gaunt—and he dies at the beginning of the second act. It needed the genius of Shakspeare to make such a plot tolerable, and it is some atonement that here and there occur bursts of glorious language, divine strains of that grandiose and heavenly music which make our Shakspeare the greatest poet that the world ever saw. If it were only for the fact that it is in this piece that his muse bursts forth with that magnificent eulogium upon England—

That precious stone, set in the silver sea—

every Englishman should regard *Richard the Second* with gratitude and admiration.

In scenic magnificence, this revival is perhaps not inferior to any which Mr. Kean has yet attempted, and in historical interest (awakened by the extreme accuracy with which these scenes are designed), it is superior to any. England in the fourteenth century is before us. In the Privy Council Chamber of the Palace of Westminster—in the blazonry upon the walls and the costumes of the King and his court—in the lists on Gosford Green, and the armour of the knights who attend the tourney—in the bedroom of "Old Gaunt"—and in the accoutrements of Bolingbroke's army, assembled among the wilds of Gloucestershire—in the beautiful revival of Milford Harbour with Pembroke Castle in the distance, and Richard's fleet riding at anchor—in the no less interesting revival of the venerable castle of Flint—and in the historical episode (added by Mr. Kean) in which London streets as they then were, and London citizens as they then lived, are realised to the modern eye. What a curious and interesting spectacle is that! You are at the corner of Chepe, and all the burghers and dames of London, with their sons and daughters, are assembled to greet Bolingbroke and curse Richard. Every roof, balcony, and window is thronged with the populace. The streets are filled with a gay and motley crowd. What colourists they were in these days! Flags are flying. Bow-bells are ringing. The tumblers and jesters are amusing the mob. By and by come the ladies of the ballet dressed up as a flock of "itinerant fools" (fools of the fourteenth century, be it well understood—a sort of fool which had a marvellous sprinkling of wit and artfulness), and delight everybody with a delicious dance. O the pretty fools! All this is so beautiful, artistic, and so solidly instructive, that he who objects that it is not in Shakspeare is only fit to chop texts with Mr. Payne Collier. If only for the "itinerant fools," let the episode pass.

For the acting, I can but say that Mr. Kean did his best with a very ungrateful part. Some phases of Richard's character he rendered extremely well; as, for instance, when on the shore of Milford he hears of his mischances, and the spirit of the king struggles with the despair of the ruined man. But Mr. Kean has not the power to express the dignified resignation

of a noble sorrow; and therefore in the closing, and perhaps more dramatically effective scenes of Richard's life, his efforts were not so happy. Mr. Ryder was bold and vigorous throughout, and both looked and spoke like the strong and ambitious Bolingbroke. Mr. Walter Lacy's John of Gaunt is an excellent performance; and of Mr. Cooper it is the best compliment to say that he was as weak and senile as the Duke of York ought to be. The rest of the characters are obscure. Mrs. Kean did all that could be done with the vaporous outline of a queen, and went to and fro like the incarnation of unavailing grief. I see that some of my brethren are in raptures about the Henry Percy of Miss Buxton; but, as that young lady has not naturally a very distinct utterance, and as even that is considerably embarrassed by a large helmet, and as, moreover, she has very little to do, I can only account for these raptures by the fact that she is a remarkably pretty girl. JACQUES.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Among the models which appear at the present time to excite the greatest interest among the visitors is the portrait of Viscount Palmerston. The noble Lord is represented in the usual costume of a minister—dark blue coat splendidly embroidered with gold. The likeness is most faithful, and the figure possesses reality in the greatest degree.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW EDITION OF PERCY'S RELIQUES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In the last number of your interesting journal of the 2nd instant you announce "that Messrs. Washbourne and company are preparing a new edition of Percy's Reliques of 'Ancient English Poetry,' and that a popular old ballad which appeared in all editions by the Bishop, but was omitted in the later edition by his son, will be reintroduced." I beg therefore to inform you that in making this statement you have been led into error, as Bishop Percy's only son died at an early age, and never had any concern in the publication of the "Reliques;" that the latest authentic copy of the work was edited by the writer of this note, under the immediate superintendence of the learned collector himself—the whole of the selections taken from the ancient folio MSS. having been carefully collated with the original.

Ireland, March 9.

B.

OBITUARY.

DESNOYERS, Baron, engraver, in France, whose renderings of Raphael's pictures have made him prized by print collectors of every country.

DESMONT, M. A., an eminent geologist of Belgium, Rector of the University of Liege, aged 48.

GERARD, M., a distinguished French linguist, and compiler of an esteemed botanical dictionary, entitled "La Flore Française," at Paris.

GUINKE, Michael von, on the 15th February, at Berlin. He was imperial chapelmeister and director of the Opera at St. Petersburg, and was the first Russian who ever wrote large operas. His principal work, an opera in five acts, entitled "Das Leben für den Czar," is repeatedly performed in St. Petersburg.

HINCKS, Rev. Thomas Dex, LL.D., Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages in the Royal Belfast Academy, on the 24th of February, at the age of ninety. Dr. Hincks was a scholar. He commenced *Hunter Farmer's Magazine*, a work which did much to raise the standard of farming in the south of Ireland. He contributed many articles to "Rees's Cyclopædia." In 1821 he was elected head master of the Classical School in the Royal Belfast Academy, and in the succeeding year was appointed Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages. In the same year, also, he was appointed, in conjunction with Dr. James Thomson, to conduct the business of the Natural Philosophy class. In 1834 he was presented by the University of Glasgow with the Honorary degree of LL.D. In 1836 he resigned the Mastership of the Classical School, but still retained his professorship. In 1846 he published in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, a paper "On Early Contributions to the Flora of Ireland." He was subsequently elected President of the Philosophical Society; but in a year or two, finding its duties too heavy for his declining years, he resigned and was elected Honorary Vice-President for life, the only instance in which that honour had been conferred. Dr. Hincks is the father of the distinguished Orientalist of the same name.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Alexander's The Great High Priest within the Veil, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Annual of Scientific Discovery for 57, by Wells, 7s. 6d. American.
Ashby's scripture Teachings for Young Children, 16mo. 2s. 6d.
Bacon's Works, by Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, Vol. III. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Bagester's Paraphrase Bible, 8vo.; Joshua, 1s. 6d.; Isaiah, 2s. 6d.
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Blinning's Journal of Two Years' Travel in Persia, &c. 2 vols. 2s.
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